Here & Now

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"well, I suppose all sorts of things might be possible than"
said Bobby vaguely.
"The present state of things doesn't seem very terrible"
perhaps would work very well" she said
"no" he sighed. We dont want to weigh up such
things. But you can't change human nature,
Maggie. "I was looking through my father's
papers the other day. He had a lady called
Mira"
He stooped & picked his hat up from the grass.
"She called him Lulu" he said.
"Lulu" Maggie echoed. Lulu. "Yes, I felt
that in him." Its time — " she began,
rolling up her sewing in a bag ball, & laying it in
looking at Elvira
"Wake up" she said.
Elvira sighed deeply.
You've been asleep" said Maggie
Elvira looked at them opened her eyes which had the
a dreamy almost drugged expression on of the lotus
Everything were wrong. she looked at
Maggie at the perambulator at the distant trees with
the same dull unseeing look. as if for the moment
they conveyed no meaning to her the lotus
were wrong, as of they conveyed no meaning to her.
She stretched heavily.
"Its time to go home to tea" said Maggie
No, no, no, said Elvira. moved.
She spoke as if she were still asleep.
"You've asleep still" said Bobby.
Not I was only not asleep no. only pretending -
like a bucket, letting it down into a
well - a transparent body - a body
all sensation - a body like a glass
bucket; & we would wind, they down & they
pump - It shakes whereupon, Maggie rap

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Elveen-
I may wake up-
And for ~~a~~ about ten minutes I was ~~unable to become in any of you~~ impossible And I still don't believe in ye.
only like a bucket that's been down, down, down
& then ~~I've decided I believe in anybody~~ not for ten seconds also."
The colours so odd."
Yes, said Maggie: ~~that's why I am under a tree~~. I like
Its odd, waking up: ~~the~~ Green, & blue, & reddish purple...
And then ~~not to~~ to hear voices, Maggie
what ~~voices~~ we say;
~~when they~~ mean nothing
~~in body~~ ~~in all~~ ~~they~~ the body." He Hes Hels asleep.
Fast asleep. That's why I fell asleep, looking at
him, thinking, what's it like being a baby?"
What d'ye think it's like. being a baby?"

1933
Dec. 5

Maggie rolled her sewing things together in a long roll, & laid them as in ~~at the end of the~~ ~~scream~~ on the quilt at her child's feet. The ~~got up a look~~ Bobby rose. He brushed his hat on his arm, & took his hat & stick.
Where are you going? said Maggie.
"I'm going to dine with a Cowan" he said. "Is ~~that you Cowan?~~ No. Kitty Malone who married Lord Lanswade:: M Grosvenor Square.
"And she came in like starlight..." Elveen murmured.
"They'll be rather smart" said Bobby.
~~The heart of what Elveen calls the fatuity~~
~~Dickens diamonds~~. "I must work:
"I remember" said Maggie: There was a fat man, dressed entirely in gold lace."
And ~~the~~ toads" said Elveen.
There ~~was~~ a ~~very~~ ~~nice~~ governess."

But the dog was more The rat perfectly still.

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He left them. She was sorry to ~~get a Cab & drive~~ walk across the gardens, & then perhaps drive to Stony Street. He looked back once. They were still sitting by the perambulator under the tree. The ground dropped, & they became invisible. The invisible thread which bound him to his Cousin, he felt; but there remained a strong feeling of confidence ~~that~~ in Maggie. She ~~understood his position~~. She also ~~judged at two~~ ~~She was lost the end~~ understood. He would ~~touch~~ work her, & she would advise him. Even the room, which he had never seen, became visible. There were two chairs; he was sitting beside her, & he said to her "This is how it happened.." The version that he told humbly, as he walked, was a brave one-sided. She must ask Lil to tea, ~~she would not be there~~ alone. She wrung a little cry tightened. Then gently the way she managed the baby. He saw her again silencing them as they came up. And then her sewing with his Aunt he had had the same feeling; only she talked, talked, talked: scrutinizing And Maggie hardly moved. He saw the scissors lying in the grass. When she wanted it, she took it The beautiful arm stretched slowly out; & the fingers closed, ~~firmly~~ and no jewels, no rings, nothing; but the movement were so characteristic He looked back again. There was a very stout old lady, being tugged by a dog on a chain. She would ring & her up to morrow morning. And now, he thought, getting his clothes into the door of his lodging. he would get completely naked; scrub himself all over; & put on — he looked at the clothes lying on his bed —

~~His relation~~ made of physical ~~measure~~, close,

I was

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black trousers, white waistcoat. Right sleeve — he looked to see if it was his best shirt — & what about his tie? And his boots? ~~And his~~ The socks were the wrong ones. He began shaking, shutting long heaves. Most drawers, & the sun dazzled in his eyes, as it fell across the dressing table, where he had tumbled out keys & coins.

The door in Grosvenor Square opened before he rang the bell, & yet he had a feeling that he must have touched a spring for there flunkeys to ~~the~~ right & left bowed, as they did with hands out stretched, & silently he entered the large paned hall. They had been a little too deft in peeling the elderly man ~~in~~ who had arrived ahead of him, so that he saw to his chagrin his white waistcoat; & he looked ridiculous ~~as~~ & ~~he~~ him his black red face, looked like a cock's, red, ruffled, as he replaced hands into his ~~coat~~ clothes again, & brushed his tie with his. their help & that Bobby followed him up the stairs.

"Marble? No, he said to himself." But as Commanding impressive staircase. Carved. Flowers " up from the country. Kitty ~~would be weary~~ ... He presented a perfectly clear view of the disparity of one scene into another.

~~a~~ b

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"Marble? no" he said to himself, looking at the black-
white flabs on the floor of the hall. "All the same
the ~~stairs are fine~~ Carving;" Jane "he held his
hand up the banister; "that's come from the
Country" A whole tree, covered with blossom, stood in a
tub at the top of the stairs.

"Captain Parsley" he said to the footman.
But that's a Sham Canaletto" he said glancing
at the picture by the door. He
preserved a perfectly clear sense of his own room at 11
Ebury Street, & of the streets he had been through, still.
His work hands with Kitty. She worked
immensely, tall; burnished; tight; brilliant; &
curls crisp. Her hair seemed ~~made of~~ to
spring up round her head, ~~it tightly~~ controlled
curves. ~~It~~ was almost grey. The room. The
curves with a chandelier hanging from the centre, a
red chairs round the walls had the air of a
waiting room. Six or seven people were standing
up talking. He knew some of them slightly.
"It not going to work" he said to himself,
as he shook hands with her host - a fair burnt
straggled man, ~~who was~~ then her host came in.
He had been racing; He had only just got back in
time. "It not going
to work" they talked about racing. He heard a polo pony
Bobby repeated.
man calling in the street, & the hooting of
cars. When it worked, all these sounds were
inaudible: ~~then~~ one was only conscious of the
~~room~~ throng. He was introduced to the girl he
was going to sit next. She was a Lady
Ann somebody, & Kitty stopped a moment,
as she introduced them.

"Been racing Mr Kelly?" he said to her,
because she was only Kelly Malone, her
Cousin, & because she hated racing, & became

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because the drug was not working, & because he wanted her to feel his independence.

"I don't think Lady Lavender ever goes to sales" said Lady Stan.

"My own always" Kitty began. She turned away because somebody else had arrived. But she saw that he had annoyed her.

It bored her he said. He looked at the girl he was talking to & had to take down to dinner. What on earth would they find to talk about? Racing? The Russian dancers? The Opera? Golf? She was bobbed, like all the rest of them; wore silk; twenty one at most, but perfectly self possessed. In an hour before he had seen perfectly naked in his bath in Ebury Street he remembered. Now everybody had come, & they went down to dinner.

The dining room was harmoniously shrouded & darkened, with the light arranged so that the long table was bright, & the features, hooded lights on them so that they too could be seen — but no light shone directly upon anyone face; & the rich curtains, & the dark chairs, stamped with coats of arms, made it seem as if they had all assembled in privacy, to eat in complete security.

If this won't do the trick" Robby said to himself as he looked for the Card with which she had written her name on it, "I shall never dine out again" Hillier was her name; & the other one was Mrs Jameson. Opposite them was the jade lustre figure of an actor in his robes there, under the hooded lights, long legged, goat-cloaked, with a ribbon, & a star.

'Save it,' up

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"I've thought of three subjects to talk about" he said absently: he did not care what he said: the first is racing: the second, is the Boxer baker: & the third is Ireland.

"But whose cheat that again" she said.

"The first is racing" he began. "Are you interested in racing?" She was frozen her temp. He stopped. It seemed to him incredible that human beings should go through these ceremonies. And

"Did you enjoy parties?" he said. She was frozen her temp. She looked at him, as she lifted her chin; as if she were peering down at some one in another world. She had very gentle, vague eyes: she was pleased, because either because she was extremely innocent, or very clever. Clever, or very cross.

"Do you know, she said, this is my first party?"

Then he began. He could just hear the voices behind. He could just hear the Cars hooting, but they had gone far away. When he began to speak. "Can you hint [illegible]?" he said. "Dear me, he said, what exciting?" he said. He felt as if she had given him a little specific word, he saw himself differently. He would make her enjoy like him; so that she would go home, & say to Henry, as she looked both of her dress, I met a most wonderful man.

"Your very first party," he repeated. And he began to tell her how he had driven across the park he had said to Henry when shall I let met at dinner. He they forgot beautifully; when she turned to her the man met her caught something she said,

So that he was quite different

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& broke in, "Oh but that Exactly how I feel!" Bobby was annoyed. He ~~stared~~ looked at the Great Nature the nobleman opposite, under its hooded lights

We were in Canterbury Centuries before they were" he thought to himself.

"Don't you think it a ~~disclosure they to have done~~?" said Lady Marrable, turning upon him. She was discussing politics or Women. And the old boy next her was an Ex-Cabinet minister. And the Lady next him was the wife of another & — here the end of the table was reached — the man who sat beside Kitty was a famous peer. In a little nook, privately, in a Cabinet of their own. There were distinguished people were called each other names that sounded like Eddy Teddy Freddy.

Am I a housemaid? Bobby said to himself. Something of the kind, he thought. Indeed it was so. ~~Flattering~~ suddenly he felt that everything was shut out; & fallen away; & he had stepped into a private room. He was on the top of a hill. At Athens once he had felt the same thrill. "Here I am at the hub of the world." Yet he knew that they were only throwing him a few scraps from their Kitchen. There was no reason to include a nondescript Captain Bayley. And yet, their manners were so good — so beautifully direct & simple & free that he felt that it did not matter at all whether he washed or did not wash, nor to whom he was — up here, where the great winds blew; & English history — he looked round the room — added another paragraph to its long story. The dinner was simple: the wine was first rate. He

The

a picture
gain of
Canterbury

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The Distinguished old man into whose circle he had been so absolutely drawn let down a mask of ~~was~~ intensely was ~~full~~ of complacency take over his Caa as the lady harangued them. ~~He~~ It was ~~was he so different~~ ~~He went~~ Nothing disturbed him. She seemed ~~so~~ sublimely indifferent. He arranged three cravats as usual by the side of his plate. as if ~~they~~ he were ~~quite content to~~ play a mysterious little game, of profound meaning but known. "In 1886 when I was in Ireland" he began. As he spoke, Bobby looked hastily another picture ~~Then out~~ there out on above a table at which a footman was standing: the picture of a lady in eighteenth century dress. As for the story it could not have been better done, Bobby thought. It was perfect of its kind ~~and~~ beautifully compact, contained. ~~Then again~~, finished. ~~But~~ That completed, they discussed some books which last night. One thing led on to the other: like links in a chain there was no break, ~~no flaw~~ in the continuity. ~~If~~ Whigs. Tories: Liberals. Conservatives: Fox Pitt Castlereagh Burke: Peel Palmerston. Gladstone. Lord Salisbury — ~~Bobby, as he listened~~ "~~Then Liberals~~ Home Rule seemed inevitable: not a Home Ruler: not a chunk: he ~~listened~~ all was consumed, accounted for, regularised, made into ~~Home~~ Rule. — the ~~Home~~ like a The flow of a rapid stream, ~~in~~ on which they were all racing Kelly, politician, was much younger. He was in the thick of it. He was describing a scene that had taken place in the Commons only the night before. ~~Only~~ And Kelly himself ~~seemed part of it~~ had been there. They had all ~~the~~ spoke the same short hand;

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Bobby looked down the table: all they were all Eddie Ledger Redleys: until he came to the bald man in the middle opposite him. "The toady!" he said
~~pausing~~ There was Kensington Sadlers again;
& the boys Healey Hicklebacks: & it was ~~at the~~
end of the cabinet, in the ordinary world for a
moment, as he tried to remember where he had seen
the man opposite. It ~~did~~ not help a name to
him. But he listened: he was ~~leaning~~ back with his
usual stance; leaning back, ~~with one arm on the table~~
he was not marked, or indifferent, or entirely at his
ease. The young married woman to his side was
not at her ease either. He was ~~leaning back~~
~~broadcast. Bobby decided~~: he was talking much too
but Bobby decided: Oh Coleridge, the
Lady said. "The toady" as Elvira called him—
but ugly ah, there had was always a man of letters
in ~~London~~ at a party; he was playing
a kind of game, about which the great talkers
one would have liked to meet. Macaulay; Coleridge;
Charles Lamb. Yes, but the lower chaps. said
Bobby, as he were arguing with Elvira,
has my children at home. ~~And he looked~~
or, ~~beyond the table, until~~ you. Can't
like this
not this
Come him: the door ~~talk room~~. And he
looked round the table; at his host, talking
vacuously: & was recalled to the fact: the had laughed
with the rest
Uncle are you happy yet?" he said.
Do tell me who that is" the mamma, indicating
the man opposite
"I can't put a name to him" said Bobby.
But I think he's a professor"
There was a look of faint amusement in his
eyes. "Uncle did the ~~see that was funny~~? they to
saw something funny. what would he say were talking about?
St Paul's?" said Bobby:
D'you ~~see~~ ~~the~~ money. which the words
I went there

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do you belong to? he asked. But how could he know that there was any other world? Perhaps there was no other world. he thought, as he fumbled among his little selection of words: none but this. A very pleasant world it was: a large, noble, free, easy; a cordial; a beautiful. So ~~to all the women~~, As the dinner neared its end he noticed how the lace were beginning to flow; even though there was no liquor in the cups. ~~Women~~ as if they had all been rubbed with hare leather. like Jewels: yet the bloom seemed ingrained; & their clothes none: the ~~Somebody~~ A footman, ~~wearing white~~ the white gloved hand ~~of the footman~~, removing dishes, knocked over a glass of wine. And the lady never moped; seemed not to care a jot. her: & she would have blown her nose in her fingers, Bobby thought: as he noted the nonchalance with which the ~~friend~~ the man: & then straightened the clean napkin which he had laid over the stain. What other would does one mean? he asked himself. And Rose is sitting on a three legged stool in a cab. he remembered. with the gilt Vase in a tube down her throat. But my dear Rose, he said to himself. you're not the ghost of a chance against this: think of throwing a stone at that man's plate glass! as he sits eating his kidney with a golden spoon! ~~He jerks of course he said~~ Cla He looked again at the mark, the noble. the indifferent the prosperous; the A tremendous serenity & confidence, breeding. tradition ~~was~~ there was ~~there seem~~ he was & the answer; & what was almost most satisfying, in the last what was

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way he talked, apart from the careless cage of the sentences, was the little clip he gave to his words. They often spoke in a racy, colloquial, hopeless English; like so many Americans would with all their little bits of slang. It would be impossible very hard not to pick up the same slang if one saw much of them. He jumped right across

It brings one's heart to one's mouth when he jumps."

It perfectly marvellous - that jumps he gives" Ann said. They were talking about Stjernski. Her aunt was going to invite her to meet him at a party.

"Your aunt?" said Bobby. She mentioned a name.

"Oh I see." said Bobby. Yes. He knew the Aunt a little. He could make out that he knew her quite well. Yet he did not know her at all.

Then "I met your aunt" he began; but Ann was saying, beautifully bending towards him as she did so as if hanging on the longed to hear the last word; but let the man defer to the ceremony which decreed that it was time for her to rise. Lady Lanwade had risen. Everybody rose. All the pink grey lavender dress gleamed & lengthened themselves; the table looked suddenly strewn with bread with napkins, & wine glasses: they cluttered from a moment ago. Ann & Kathy, passing out of the door, walked out last. Kathy put an arm round Ann's shoulder, the put her hand to her hair as they passed a long looking glass in the hall. It was always apt to get untidy.

"I ~~May I~~ seemed to be ~~I hope my Cousin~~ you made a favourable impression" the man said. "I hope you liked him!"

"Oh I thought him charming" said Ann.

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"~~That peach tree~~" said Kelly as
"What a lovely tree!" They stopped for a moment to
look at the flowering tree in its great china tub.
It was a beautiful blossom; but there were still
some buds unopened. It would last a week or two longer.
As they ~~they went into the~~ while they dined
servants had arranged the drawing room. Doors had
been opened & lights ~~also~~ let in a further room,
so that they felt that they came on to a new stage,
freshly prepared for a new scene. Kelly ~~waited~~ to
A great fire was blazing between two
splendid supporters, so that it seemed fierce, cordial,
decorative, rather than ~~as~~ hot. But two or
three ladies were standing there, ~~before~~
shutting them from it. They made way for
the hostess.

"I love that picture of you Kelly," said Lady
Arlabee; looking up at the portrait,
of Lady Lanwade as a young woman, with-
red hair. The artist had given the impression
that of a splendid ~~young~~ girl woman, very ~~unlike~~ a
cloud of fine merlin - with an expression of vigorous
but rather controlled delight in ~~nothing~~
~~It rather~~ a ~~lady~~ jumping to live with.
never like one's own portrait."

"~~I think~~ ~~the~~ of the image of you," said Lady Arlabee
~~not now~~," said Kelly laughing off the
compliment rather awkwardly, always
after dinner women paid each other compliments
about their clothes; or their looks. She did
not like being alone with women after dinner.
The ~~ugliest~~ dressed perfectly upright among
them, like a spectacle. She wished they would
bring in the coffee. Here it was. Footmen
went round with trays. By the way I hope the name - "the

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said, helping Lucy, I hope she didn't harm your flock:
such a lovely flock – said Lady Maxwell.
The young married woman laughed.
"Not a bit" she said. "What an interesting
~~race, she said,~~ people, she said, you always manage
to have "the cutest. The man next to-
Lucy Ashton: did you like him?" said Kitty
"Is that the man who lectures on French beauty"
asked Lucy Sheraton.
"French ~~beauty~~? Yes, that's he" said Kitty
Mildred Ardenley had a secret.
I heard they were "There was a
I couldn't go to them all myself...
But they should see all "stand" said Kitty.
She made a movement with her hands.
2 ladies who had been standing rank, some
~~walking chairs~~ pulling chairs close together, others
looking about and they could not be seen.
Kitty waited for them to settle: her
"What she did things like this so mechanically "The
Heat she had earned for herself the title of
Grenadiers". They all sat down, & the
hostess, after seeing what sort the party would
take, decided that the room would be too hot.
She ~~Steadily always~~ ~~walked up the room~~ The
Strode to the window.
Steadily wants us alone" she said to the
Tall ~~stranger~~, Lady Mary and walked to the
Companion. Kitty looked down the
Top of the long window. ~~Outside the~~
Just for a moment she looked at the square
outside; the kind policeman was
walking past; the usual little men &
women ~~were~~ – ~~two~~ were hurrying along
with bags in their hands; just as she drew
them hangings when she brushed her cheek
against the bedroom window above.

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"Eleanor wouldn't dine" she thought, turning back,
because she hadn't got a dress...
The sat down beside the most reverend, the
Commander of the Faithful. They were all talking;
they were talking about

And where is my delightful
Godson?" said the old Country; everybody was
talking about Concerts, Sisters, babies, pantries; & what
Lady Magnet who was talking about the Last
Regatta dinner. Yet the talk lacked reality.
Kelly knew that it was only a kind of talkedness -
that the coach kept going till the door opened. & the
Gentlemen came in. She told Lady Drank to
Warburton that John was at Malta. & Teddy at
Rattiel;

And the little boy?

Eleanor would have loved him
at once" she thought.

And you my dear, said the old Lady, not have you
any as big as mine?"

Happily with three years, her questions were
unanswerable. If she talked enough about them,
they let her be. She

But Lady Lamb thanks us. She could
hear them laughing about Switzerland. There were the usual stories
Caroline in the 18th Century manner. Rather a Lady Magnet could be
jealous "on her behalf" She had help her
helping her son in a large election: &
then, Kelly guessed, but they never told
her knew her so eccentrically about the
Marriage, were one of the methods of avoiding
a scandal the hell-cats.

"A man can't do that sort of thing
for himself" she said.

& then the James and Hop.

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Kelly's reaction was laid down

I was so delighted that Augusta got in" said Mrs Harwood. She had been to see Rose in person; but without telling her husband. Their agreement was that if he refrained from voting against the women, she would not attempt ~~to take any further part~~ in Upton Local Politics. She never allowed her name to be used in handbills.

And my godson? Lady Wantage inquired.

Kelly's face melted. He loved the little boy at Eton. The last time he had seen the child was the Christmas holidays. Lady Wantage knew the head boy at Eton: & he had given her sausages for tea.

Oh how I adore Eton boys" said Mrs Harwood.

Eton the only school" said Lady Wantage. Am I right?" she said to Asser. Mrs Hellis Harrow said Asser.

Oh but then your father was at Harrow:— Now it was too cold. At ~~first~~ ~~was blowing~~ in Old Lady Wantage had found a fan round her neck.

It always was hot or too cold" said Kelly. She strode to the window again. Damn these women" she said to herself, as she laid hand on a long stick with a hook on the end. The window stuck. She wrenched like a person trying to prise open a jewel case. She poked, but the window stuck all the more. Then she threw open the window. Then she threw off her clothes & then the men when they came up for air & pray Them all into women" Let them to pronounce on that some job or other. Every patriarch has his prerogative" ~~The window the window was closed~~ ~~Draw the curtains again~~: A raw red sky, with a paper blacker than it. The wood looked as though it had screamed the words at her meaning she had been to.

The window was closed

But what else am I" she thought,

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her heart one man beside the old Countess. She was a
interesting woman in her way. She had been all
across Russia in a sleigh, ~~had~~ in days when most
women were as ~~cleverly married~~ as skittles in
bedroom. She loved getting her talk a little past.
the old world stories of the letters & the styles when
she came of an eccentric family: and yet she was
hard, grasping; Kitty had once seen her taking a
housemaid. People said she stole. Probably she did.
But How could men like Tony Ashton
sentimentalise the English aristocracy in the way
they did? what was the charm that men
felt to be so overpowering? Even Bobby
Ure thought. He frowned at her "Poor Rosie
Rose ... ~~&~~ ~~going~~ Been to the races
moved always eat her dinner.
The ~~rather~~ Lady Wantarton, ~~talking about the~~
~~present~~ present age was
~~like a~~ their tales of it, & they ~~seemed~~ went back into the past.
talked about Lady Wantarton 1st husband, & her
wedding tours. Her past had run alongside
Kitty's mother's heart, though they had never met;
~~but Kitty~~ Between them, though on parallel
~~lines~~ they had lived through the styles, the revolution, the
legalities, & their pasts met in Kitty, who carried
on the present, here in Grosvenor Square, ~~rather~~ heavy
the old Lady waiting for the gentlemen to come up.
The had carried Lammermuir ~~to be early~~ not to
get long. because she wanted the party to be
early. But he had been racing all day;
Drunk rather too much. And, as hostess, she
could not ~~keep~~ ~~listen to what~~ give her whole
attention to the past. She ought to draw Mrs.
Treyer in. Or perhaps Ann was feeling out of it
Come & talk to Ann" she said, beckoning to her.
But Ann impossible to ask for details of the

The had lived too long among those to have any sentimental respect for

an unproper talk Scandalous pen.

famous wedding Scandal about

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primary scandal with Ann there. There was a pause.
Lady Warburton disliked young Jeffs. Yet But they had
relations in common. She more the question began—
about Lucky's Aunty; & then the old Lady with the
beautiful breeding which simulated at any rate began
Charity & Kindness ~~asked~~ flattered the girl; & Ottoline her to a
famous beauty. who like me about her, said Ann,
& the old Lady began making a selection from her
memories. Kitty & I was only a selection Kitty
knew. Her mind wandered. If Lammermuir
stayed down stairs much longer, she thought She
would not catch her train. Could Rachel
be trusted to whisper in her ear? She would
give them another ten minutes. Ann was clasping her
hands with intent. Oh how I love to hear about her! she
was saying.

What liars they all were, Kitty thought to herself.
But she checked the thought. That was self-criticism
Contrary. she knew that 'they', the general them
were one. Glancing at the ladies talking, were
all very good-looking: extraordinarily good looking for so
they. And fashionable. & and (she sketched the
obvious schemes, adventures, sensual comments
jolly) Vivid thrift. Yes—to their own people they
were noble: Hm—she paused, adding up Lady
Margaret's virtues, & casting them against her faults.
No doubt the fault lay with her: the pain
explain that always seemed to her to be
between her & them was her fault. She was
honesty very rich: ungainly: always Then
were very few people she was at ease with:
Eleanor she liked very much: but nothing would
induce Eleanor to come to a party like
this—or Rose—or Nelly Hughes. But
then most clever women gave themselves
airs too. "The fact is we commentators

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that night "Cleaner used, upon to dine a night or two.
Did Cleaner do more food to the poor? Then magpie
marvelled! What virtue was there in looking like a
charwoman! X Yes, but Cleaner saw one a feeling of
rest. Magpie was like a sand hopper. There she
was springing up to look at a picture; bored
still by the woman's talk. Here mercifully the
door opened X It seemed to her that magpie may
enjoy my way of hope is right, without being sure
that it was right. What was the right life?
I love mercifully the door opened.
or they would not protest so much. Here,
mercifully, the door opened. It opened very slowly
as if reluctantly. Then in came the right men
as if they had just stopped talking, ~~they had been~~
talking at their ease. They looked a little flushed;
but ~~how~~ they that were unwrinkled, unbuttoned
Distinguished; as they filled in, slowly — ~~he~~ ~~husband~~
~~Sir John~~ the old man first, moving with a
Courtown distinguished air. ~~He~~ That Kitty ~~the~~ others,
were at to leave him. behind her ~~the~~ ladies
others. Ash followed ~~Kitty~~. ~~he~~ & ~~the~~ the ladies
flurried. Even they did not use. seemed that
Jane was ~~just~~ away, the battledore
Charlotte locks. ~~Kate~~ Kitty stood until the
parts were again strolled; old lady Wentworth had
the old man; & the others were all filled; &
more or less quietly, so as if the talk of
rather ~~as~~ if they were finishing listening began
perhaps three nights ago, at another party.
Jane ~~that~~ only ~~Bobby~~ & in the night
room there were feebler Le Bride; & that would
Letitia stretched. ~~only~~ ~~Jane whom turned~~
~~Lalage Brodie~~ The ~~seemed~~ to Le They
had all met earlier the night before or
three nights before. It was ~~only a question~~

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quite simple: never only a question of remembering the next sentence; & Capt indeed for Tony Ashton — But
She talked to him for a moment.

"Have you seen Edward?" she said. "Well at
Oxford I suppose" She tried to remember
Bobby joined them. I saw him
"Yes I return the same commentator such Edward
only darker" said Mrs Ashton:
"At Oxford" said Kitty But she
at Oxford" Tony corrected her: he
felt that he did not want to talk about Oxford:
he loved those afternoons: she must find some Tony
fashionable woman — (She looked round)
could be very witty. Lady
Margaret, Mrs Conlake. Mrs Vezey - they were all
talking. There was only room. But Bobby was
approaching: & Bobby had talked to Mrs at
Dennis: now Tony must talk to her: she turned
talk to Bobby
"A very brilliant party. Lady Lansdale" said
Bobby coming up to her. with his fine voice strong.
"Yes? no, not at all" said Kitty.
And it was true. She never saw brilliant parties:
She was not a great hostess. Bobby knew nothing
about it.
"What about Rose?" she said to him. They
drew away a little from the others. His
face changed.
"Oh Libby as a child legged it and
Tony hung a little stooped down to "he said
Then Kitty glanced round her, as to make
sure that they were not overheard.
"I think they're mistaken, don't you?" she said.
"Yes? I
wish. I don't know" he said.
know something at somebody's head of course a

NYPL

a woman" He remembered a phrase that ran like this
"Do you know the other Parisian," he said "Lucile Desteig
Daughter?"
"Married. Divorced, a Frenchman!" said
Kelly.
And the other said, if you see her a note, she)
knows from her face" as he ran on his father
work or golden phrases" he laughed. The scene had
been very funny. He was felt he could say anything to
Kelly. ~~What what you don't A clever girl~~; but
you know his name dropped her down the kitchen stairs
But I don't follow" said Kelly as the door
Of the foreign journalism Kelly. has "is old Fogan ya. I.
I'm sorry two" he said.
And I'm sorry" she said.
You don't look it Kelly.
"My hair as they are badges" said Kelly.
"That's horrid dark you've got over the mantelpiece"
he added, looking at the red haired girl. on the
picture
but charming. But Lammermoor
"I'm ~~very~~ rude, but why is the taste of that
Irish answering — I'm very rude — always bad?"
"Why d'you eat your dinners?"
They had They sat down, temporarily: laughing,
thinking how ~~much they had in common~~; they
always said the same things whenever they met.
Well, I suppose you're engaged your life," he said
You've had a box at the Opera."
He looked round at the ~~doctor~~ old
Complete round the room.
And you've never dropped your pose relations" he
added.
They've dropped me" she said
Oh Shaun rather low, I said she wanted to
see you.

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Now why about the time here!" said Kitty
Oh because – what is it! – She had not any hair pins."
There was room to move in the bath room.
You may stay dont you?" said Lady Ka Kitty
Of course I do" said Bobby. She took him into
Lucie then Come Sat down. The
the next room; where they had do were already
setting round the tables.
I'm sorry to make you talk to Mrs & Lady
Arbuthnot she said.
The party was going to break up just to room, the
party was going to another party,
knew; indeed it was only a prelude
& perhaps for them, to a third party; for there were
a great many parties; & so much the would
catch her train. The hand of the clock were
close on eleven. It just suddenly struck the
pendant struck, as the last of which the door
opened & Priestley advanced.
"What manner" said Sir Geoffrey up.
He was a ~~booted~~ tall Lancashire ~~the~~ ~~eyes~~
said goodbye to Kitty. Other people were too.
Come with us then" Bobby heard her say to the
young man whose hair the rake had gone.
that he was extraordinarily handsome.
They left the room together. The paused
Bobby with a mere bend of the head, as if
his picture had already been almost
obliterated from his mind. He felt an
strong desire to go with them. But
where? He had no idea where they were all
going. They were all going on to some other
party, & he had not been asked.
Perhaps I'll take Athlone, we'll have a
drink together" the Major. Bent to his
surprise in accepted. Athlone was going on too.

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and Kitty was the [illegible] old lady was on her last,
bent, with a stick in her hand, accepting Lord
Lancaster's arm.

For a moment he found himself alone with Kitty.
But she was clearly anxious to be rid of them all.
She had caught her eye something about hanging a
waiting upon the stairs.

"We must meet again
Since my love is [illegible] we must meet
soon again" he said shaking hands. "he
Mark what people always say after parties"
said to himself, walking slowly down the stairs
so as to give Lady Warburton time to get into
her carriage. What had worked, he thought,
to descending the stairs, but [illegible] the
whole manner [illegible] in the hall; but rather
pharmaceutically. The footman helped him on to his
Coat. The double door stood wide then. One or
two people [illegible] & [illegible] to see the old lady
mount into her Car.

"Mark the end of the repetition century" said
Bobby [illegible] and he said good night to
that good fellow, her host, who had had
quite as much wine as was good for him:
Kitty only waited until he had got down the
first flight of stairs to run up to her bedroom.
The old [illegible] had dawdled on as usual;
& she was curious of course. She ought to have
asked Bobby to stay; but the old [illegible] lady
had taken so long to go that she was
would only have just enough time to undress
Change, catch the last night mail at Euston.
But her maid Everything was ready for her;
her maid was standing by the dressing table;
there her bag was [illegible] the [illegible] stood
her began taking her rings off, & unfastening the
necklace as she came in

NYPL

"I hope they were never going Baxter," she said
hastily apologetically to the maid who had waited up for her.
~~Sitting in front of the looking glass~~ Baxter unhooked her
dress: skilly sat at her dressing table & brushed off her
gloves; & stockings were handed to her. She glanced
at the clock as she pulled them on. Really she had
plenty of time. Baxter was at hand with
shoes, hat, coat, ~~veil~~ bag.
And the tickets in their inside pocket. "The tickets are there, Baxter."
Ready for the night journey. In ten minutes she was
a moment began to remember ~~remember~~ regretted, thinking
if she had forgotten anything. She had to
open a bag again up in Cumberland. Her mind was a
perfect blank for a moment. She could not think of
a thing. "The jewels Baxter!" she said suddenly
Baxter, ~~repeated a list~~ like "who repeats a
The jewels were packed. ~~so that everything~~"
She said hastily glanced round the room. The
would only be away for two days. The
room was scattered with clothes, that Baxter
would have to put away. But she was
"I ~~hope you'll~~ having a day of tomorrow
"I hope you'll enjoy the play," she said,
awkwardly, as she turned to go. Maids
baffled her, with their demure politeness,
their unsentimental ways. ~~But they had~~
~~their own.~~ She took her letter bag &
went downstairs to where Baxter
the stairs, for there Baxter left her, as if at
the stairs, her department ended. The
Car was waiting. Her bag was already in.
~~Plenty~~ "Plenty of time?" she said to
the footman as he laid the rug over her knees.
He touched his hat. She must make
remarkably ~~to~~ servants always slightly amused
her. "I like country people so much

I wore it away.
How glad
She was
when
they were
off!

responsible for
her mistress

NYPL

Better" she thought, as she the car started.

Although it was quite midnight the st hardly seemed night, for there were so many lights in the streets, so many cars passing, & men in every direction walking along the clean dry pavements. So many parties going on tonight" she thought looking out of the window, as they swept through mayfair. But the night seemed to change as they approached the left mayfair. Now the lamps were dimmer & shattered Here & there were dragged looking people clustered round camp fires. At a barrel organ was playing at a corner, & she felt the usual almost automatic pity for a whitefaced child in arms. They swept up the Tottenham Court Road, which seemed Comparatively empty, & so reached Euston with ten minutes to spare. The porter took her bag; she had only to walk up the platform & find her sleeping Car. She had a sense of coming out into a solemn echoing place. The rails gleamed. Cabs seemed to be waiting. The sad & the clang of reaching carriages formed her as she walked down the long platform. People were all making ready to start: some were standing with one foot on the carriage steps, holding the door open. She loved the night mail. It seemed to her that the train were aware of its splendid destiny. She was feeling in warm & secure a long journey. The sleeping figures clothed under the strange diffused light which seemed to fall on them from invisible lamps, & looked as the dark powerful engine which seemed all body — even its neck, that had been consumed: the fierce chimney seemed to be humming like a man. At the guard, who knew her, saw her, came towards her. She felt that

But then her eye only registered sights: after she could notice nothing after all. Then talk & what the dew,

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he would have kept the whole train waiting for her.
He knew that her bag was in a hand by the door, with
her ulster in her hand. The footman receded.
"I suppose they'll do a bit of a drink somewhere"
Kelley thought, as he disappeared; the steward a thing
when he was gone. The bed was ready; her bag
was on the seat. Everything was ready. The door was
shut. The guard was walking down the platform
holding his whistle in his hand. The last batch of
the comers waiting. And then the train gave a jerk
& started. Robertson they were only about
another carriage No – they were actually standing
silently moodily; without any fuss: The rain
~~pattered~~ ~~beat~~ softly with hot drops
descending. They were all.
What fun. she said to herself: feeling a sudden
rush of delight come on her. "Nobody can get at me
now!"

~~It was a treat to see~~
She relaxed all her muscles. Her mind became a
blank for a moment. The tension had
gone out of her muscles. She smiled.
"What a treat!" she said to herself, feeling
that she was talking to a child, a little
girl who had escaped from her nurse &
ran away. ~~Lights~~ Elongated lights ~~slid past the~~
~~She let the blind up~~ She tugged the blind &
it sprang up with a jerk. Elongated lights
slid past – the lights of suburban houses, I
lamps in obscure streets. Then there were
bushes; asphalt paths; more lights;
They were leaving London behind them: they
were heading for the North.
~~It was absurd still to~~ was amused to
find how much it still excited her. London.
the house she had left. the drawing room in

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which she had been standing, ~~was~~ became
composed into something circumscribed, cut off
like a left behind, ~~waiting though still~~ a, as the
train gathered speed & shot with a roar
through a tunnel, seemed to her that that scene was
done with. "Only for two days" she reminded
herself. But she was not going to think of that
now. She lay back idly thinking. Little
strong waves reached her from the engine, but mingled,
what Sir John had said; what had happened;
& then a scene — the woman standing, round the
face opening, shutting, then open. And Bobby
coming up to her. He took off his hat.
He looked again out of the window. Now they
were in open country. The fens
sprinkled light fell on pools; on a great
factory: the wood; ~~under a tree~~ climb into
her bed, & ~~took the blue hood over the light~~, &
it was over done. She lay stretched on the
valley had ledge against the partition, so that
she felt a faint vibration against her head; the
train accurately, powerfully ~~on~~ the train ~~beat~~ drew her
~~forced the way~~ high England to the North.
She had taken ~~the journey~~ ~~lower at time~~ so
~~that the~~ often that she knew exactly where they
were: & had her own ~~code when the~~
programme: when the dull country ~~was~~ changed:
when it became real country; a certain
clumps of trees; a church with a white house —
she had seen them dozens of times: &
then we came to the real country, ~~where the way~~
her own country, where she became homely.
She stretched out, pulled the blue shade over
the lamps. She extinguished the light by her
head. Now she was alone travelling ~~through the~~
night. The wheels of the train became louder

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in the dimness. They began to take the upper hand. The ~~found that~~ felt that it was, touching her over her mind, smoothing her thoughts into curves, suggesting thoughts, replacing, very high them like a comb. And some were unpleasant. Only the old worries — money, gambling, he drank too much; he turned over & looked at the dull blue light. But they were as fond & each other as most husbands, wives after twenty five years. And the children. But what a life to bring them up to! The thought to hang. Only there was no real ~~relief~~ alternative. They had to live the life & them. They all ~~did that, the thought~~, they were kind. They were ~~plucked~~ in a sweep of all & them. The came back to Bobby. He had the power to upset her, to leave a bitter sting behind him: because he came in from outside & showed her things from outside. The reality & the English anniversary. Who was to answer that? Lady Maynard, Mrs Stisted, old Aunt Warburton? She drifted on; & then thought how many years remained to her. Fifteen, twenty, twenty five? One ought to pull one's self together & make a stand. The thought & the old Calendar with its busy commands. There was no Jude; no Law; no hard ~~hard~~ unbelieving to which all this could cling. Religion? No. Facts? What did any of them believe in? Politics? "But they go on & on & on." the thought, vague the same things. And it all so futile. Why can't they do the thing without all this elaboration!" Always schemes, intrigue, were surely meaningless diversion: — The sweep & edge over the political horizon. It was like a very

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complicated game. Just unreal to her: & yet on & on it went; She turned & looked at the light again. So much talk before anything was done: & then what they did anything how easy to make it was. The regret. Why did people love the lives they did?— when they had only one life? Men took things so seriously that seemed to her q inconceivable pettiness. It was all personal, petty; — She had no faith in either party. Lady Wanborough said it was better in the old days. Gentlemen ran politics then & not only ate & drank. ... There had been all this talk about Insurance. And then at last they got it. What did it amount to? They would set the Vote low, but only after years & years of wrangling & bitterness & waste & time. It was like a game, the biggest & like racing, like hunting; just unreal. All this meant talk of politics. But she was just yet for two days. Yes. She was going to wake up in Cumberland; where the old men have — she could not remember the name — quiet fields & the country people ... The moon — quiet eggs. And the country people quiet eggs: quiet eggs. The sound against the pavement again. Now they were out in the country. Now the real journey had begun. They were going though woods & fields: real & utter darkness, clear; the pavement seemed to vibrate less warmly. The train had stopped its steady swaying. It was People had come walking up & down the corridor. It was The hum seemed to her solemn. in earnest now. drawing her life on; her

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ab her fifty years; her fifty years; ~~for the~~ & I shall
what a treat the road to be. The boys went backwards to
her mother. She was ~~a child a girl~~ girl: young: the
thought of her father & mother: & Hope Kenny her beloved
a happiness: & the bell looming up with a very
large & rose; & no shape: ~~to~~ regret. She missed
like mama. Its roar

She ~~w~~ dressed as soon as the ~~weather~~
was called & stood at the window watching the
~~weeds~~ fields ~~following~~ past - in the ~~the~~ early
morning light ~~They~~ always looked the same.
& she always felt the hazy fields; the fields
which ~~the~~ always seemed to her bare &
~~whether~~ shorn of ~~little~~ prettiness, so that they were
hers; she felt she belonged to them; not to this
cold, Southern county. The spring was late here.
The ~~hedges were~~ ~~fear~~ were not fully out. But
the mist put them together. In ~~in~~ ten minutes
they were near Carlisle.

The drive in the early morning was also
part of the treat. The ~~the~~ unknown driver; ~~& that~~
~~besides him in the front car;~~ ~~but he ought~~
~~to have been driving home, she thought.~~ he had
only become a chauffeur lately, & looked as if
he ought to have been driving home. Still
However ~~the~~ he seemed to manage: all right.
It would not start at first. the ~~for~~ down -
~~swung the handle~~

Isyene cold ~~in~~ were? she asked. He got in -
as they went. He said that ~~even~~ the only fault
he had to find with her - ~~the~~ was a new car -
The was a new ~~th~~ make.

And so much colder up here than in London"
said Kitty. She turned up the collar of her coat
all the ~~th~~ others were still that. Women were

for they
dwelt in
great
cities

NYPL

on their knees washing down the windows. Blinds were still drawn in upper rooms. There were only a few cars about; the day traffic had scarcely begun. But as they were out of the town, Lenwin speeded up. Twenty five, thirty, forty, the car ~~ran~~ beautifully "said Kitty, listening to the ~~car~~ smooth purring noise. And they got a lot to share with Lenwin "said Kitty. His foot was only touching the accelerator. They listened to the engine "he'll try her up the hill" round the corner. The much prefumed driver, hardly to said Kitty. The much prefumed driver, hardly to being driven, but Lenwin was very proud of the new car. ~~Hill on top here~~ The hedges, ~~here~~ now, ~~are~~ "said Kitty. "Cold Trees are very backward here "said Kitty. "Cold winds I suppose." She loved the barrenness of the Country. She tasted the perfectly fresh slightly Earthy air; yet it had something sweet in it. The The belt perfectly happy. Contented. Utterly back rather cold, hungry, but the wind clabby her hands to her head now. Then as they met the The want get up there on top" she said, as they came to the long hill. ~~But she did~~ There was ~~the worst part of the hill~~ a moment's doubt. Cole coaxed her up. Kitty mucked to the hill urging her on, feeling the body Slightly, as if she were driving home. well done! she exclaimed, as they crested the hill. She remembered how they used to stop, when they reached the top of the hill, to breathe the horses in the old days. who's taken that house?" she said, as they passed an old red house with a large. Now that he had proved the virtue of the car, Cole could relax. The postman was arriving on his cycle. People were now

People were out pushing their cars home in the fields.

The dust was the spring sun.

So that house has been let at last the

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coming down to breakfast. Now that he had passed the
curtain of the Car, Cole could relax. The people who
had had that lot There had been a mystery about that
house. An eccentric lady had lived there with
large numbers of dogs. And now a solicitor
from York was going to live there. Then the motor.
Now the woods were on their left hand, & the
car veered Came rushing through them. It was like
the sea, Kelly thought; looking down a deep drive;
where there were pale patches on the grass.
There were dark heaps of dead leaves & the ride that
road. "Spring comes very late up here" Kelly said
again. They passed out of the wood, into the
high ride. from which you could see for a moment,
if you knew where to look, a little smoke among
some trees, - apparently there: a chimney, perhaps, a white
peak: That was the first glimpse of the Hall.
The always saluted it; as one does to say, "I'm
coming back to you." That was then our land
indeed

Cole looked at the time.

"Fairly near minutes, actually" he said.
The old Car never did it under the hour."

"Ah. And this" He was right. They were
turning in at the lodge gate, perfectly forty five
minutes after leaving the station. Mr
Cole had had the gate open & bobbed a
courtesy as Kelly passed. Cole gave him a
round & round through the park. They the trees: their new
drew up in fine style. leaves red, hung thick,

"Two minutes under the hour exactly,
Milady" he said, helping her out.
She stood for a moment, under the colonnade
looking at the Car; She laid her hand on the
bonnet. "This is a beauty, Cole" she said.

a shank on
a stem hom-
green

NYPL

"Perhaps she sits only wants and she wants."
She crossed the big hall, with the flagstones it,
& went into the little morning room where her
breakfast would be laid for her.

It was not her. She took her bag from him, carried it in herself; there were earlier than nobody was about; She They had were earlier than they not been expected so early. And there were The Crowell went across the great hall, with the statues in niches standing in their niches, to the morning room, where breakfast would be laid. The There a sunny south room; the wide long windows opening on to the terrace. The wood The & The opened the windows. It was all green outside. The lawn with the statues of nymphs lay there; the French ladies with basket in their hands; the green felt down, high the long grass paths between the high flower beds; it dropped, high alleys, pergolas to the river; & then rose again, to the hill with the wood. But great avenues had been cut through the wood. The head There was a light flapping a bee humming: all the country round — butterfly. The head know that the young was laden up & down the lawn round the corner in & rubber shoes. She heard the little squeak of the mower machine: The almost light the cooed near the murmur of the river over the Voices. But Mrs Cole had hustled in. She had not expected her Ladyship so soon. Now the new car, Kitty fumed.

Oh Lizzie how nice it is to come back here!"
She said.
"We've had such cold weeks" said Lizzie

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She was a Castle; Shaw's granddaughter. One could talk to her like a human being. Not a guest down woman to whom one could talk like a human being. If She & Cole were almost the among the happy Kelly most unlucky; theirs was one of the few perfect marriages Kitty had ever known. Yet they had no children.

The car never car does drive well under the bonnet," Cole is very proud of her." But he drives too fast." I don't like...." But Mrs Cole was bringing in breakfast. Toast. Sausage, Eggs fresh butter, home made jam. "You must be hungry in London" said Mrs Cole. "That's what I call a breakfast" said Kelly Mrs Cole left her. It was so unlike the hurried London food. She could not resist the second sausage. They had herbs in the sausages. Then she would say to Mrs Cole I may be in for lunch or I may be in for lunch, & but some sandwiches in her basket & wander off. She lay back in her chair, looking out the window sipping her coffee. The buttercups came waving by a flower outside. Her eye wandered over the room. It always looked different even after a month's absence. Sometimes it looked shabby, sometimes smarter. Smaller & larger. She liked the pattern on the chintz, & disliked it— it was a question of what she had been seeing lately. It rather what I was thinking in the night "she thought. When Bobby dined with them, he always had something to make her dissatisfied. "How would you like them?" she said, comfortably lying back. "What would you say if you were here? I say this is very nice: I say this

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is just what a room ought to be. There was a scratch
at the door & in marched a chow, admitted by
invisible hand. He accepted her presence & then lay
down in a hatch of sun.

Hartley bunk" said Kitty. "You don't
Care a straw for anybody..." Her indifference pleased
her. There was no sentimental nonsense about
Rufus. She hated little dogs that wanted
cuddles & hugs. And I don't see that
Bobby does anything has done anything to be proud of
in particular. The continued. He threw up the
army because he didn't like it, & then he got
something else. There was nothing heroic about
Bobby, the continued Edith that he's honest." she
added. "So's Eleanor. So's Cole. So's Leggy.
whereas I don't care a fig what Margaret says then,
or Eileen Aislabie. They say the whatever
they heard said the night before. But it's so
easy to be honest if you only see the people who
think the same sort of thing that you think.
To have to talk about people one doesn't like....
the sighed. & not to
seemed to her in good taste. Everything in the room
the pictures — mia Il mia battle scenes: one or
two mild eighteenth century portraits. And
then the usual arm chairs & one or two
mia desks, chairs, cabinets — that was all.
And a posh case. Of course servants always
framed photographs ashtrays. Leggie must so
round discreetly the head some to a
boys photographs to that they particular angle.
She delved very was at an angle too. She
hardly work bothered them straight again.
Perhaps the hour thought did she in order to

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show that they weren't used: that was why the kitchen was so nice, & the drawing room so horrid in such dear house. But it was rather pathetic: And there is nothing very big under her letter "the thefts". The real safety of the British aristocracy — What about the cigarette box in the window then? The one thing when on a square enamel box; solid: Expensive; fashionable; very expensive; made by a famous jeweller; a birthday present from her husband. The worst thing Leggie thought perhaps beautiful: U was really the unbearable hidden U Bobby had been slaying him, she would have hidden it. But were the dress last night bedroom? she wondered. The everybody always dressed in exactly the same way, so that when she tried to remember, she could only remember women looking exactly alike: the same hair, the same jewels, the same rings: — except that old Aunt Warburton dressed in a style of her own. Then they all got their clothes from the same places. She knew precisely where each of these women had got her dress; & almost what she had paid for it. Really it was a sort of uniform: horribly expensive. But here. Thank heaven, one could wear what one liked.

She began walking about to the window again & looked down the green drive they past the statue to the river, unfastening her dress as she did so. Then she went upstairs to change into her old things

The sun was coming out, ~~as the~~ when she emerged came down in her country clothes an hour later. The garden had already lost its look of virgin purity. She could the squeak of a lawn mower, round the corner, as the

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Hood at the window. On the mantelpiece, the honey was hazy up + down, with its browny in Rubber shoes, leaving a track wake ~~of~~ in the glass behind it. A A thrush was singing: the starlings were quarking on the French ladies heads. The days between had been. Thirteen years to be a perfect May morning.

Think of London now, Kitty said to herself. Think of all those people stuck in bed, because they were dancing ~~till~~ - She had the whole day before her. She ~~stretched~~ went out on to the terrace, in her comfortable + looked at the flowers. She broke off a sprig of verbena + carried it between her fingers. She stared in at the windows of the library. Everything was unwounded + silent; but the for that reason the prohibitions of the room, the carved pillars between the book cases, the beautiful 17th Century mantelpiece, looked more stately than ever, unseen, existing by themselves, for themselves. Then she turned + made off down the long grass path between the flower beds. She did not want to meet Andrews yet: she did not want to talk. She hated the gardeners with a more than hand, Legacy only "Morning" in the country. There was still a silence. They were only beginning the days work. The There were noiselessly about. The Crow stalked after her, but the left it to him whether he would follow her or not. Suddenly she would get bored + go home. — If the Italy curiosity the noticed the to Andrews flowers, + decided what she would say there the cabin. Then she came to the river: always stopped, to for the ~~bank~~ of the water fascinated her. Never not a

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great ~~meadow~~ shallow stream, even where it came
high than ground; an untamed river; a northern
river, that came from the moors; that was red, &
steel blue; & never froze. The ~~ice~~ stood on the
ornamental bridge, ~~with~~ with ~~water~~ rushing against one
of the stone balls, & looked quite, solidly,
hurrying & racy though the arches, ~~as it were~~
nothing so deep but that you could see strong under it.
so that it was always broken, & ~~dark as colour.~~
not placid & smooth & deeply green, like southern
rivers. She knew the round stream; as it
came round the piers of the bridge. & sometimes
the stone showed, dry & grey above it; sometimes
they were under water.
up the green rides towards the monument. Men
the men out of the park; beyond the flowers.
the sadness; but it all belonged to them. The
It all belonged to them as far as she could see.
Every bush had its name. The men gave by the
Ladies walk up through the trees. There was
also the keepers path; & Lovers walk; &
leading to the summer house where, in the 18th
century, one of the lords had kept his mistress.
They had had many mistresses. It
& looked back at the house, ~~very shabby~~ it
looked ~~poor~~ very shabby from this point;
~~lying there~~ standing there, looking over at the
moved. A breeze beautifully proportioned
with its pillars, its ~~two~~ & its urns; & its
& the ugly eighteenth century additions did not show.
There were the two wings.
It was ~~a~~ built at the finest style, at the right
moment; & she had heard, again & again, its
name and the finest examples of the larger country
house People were always coming to

NYPL

look afrit; Americans, especly. Then was the point
to look after from the window, into the wood.
And one of these days she would have to give it all
up, she said to herself. When her husband died, it
would be then no longer. She merely rented it
for a season; ordered what plants she liked; had a
bed made here, or a tree cut down there; she
merely walked through it warm, showing people the
pictures:— rather as her mother had done, at Bexford.
And then he [illegible] it, & she moved
on— to some little house, not here; somewhere
in Yorkshire. The kept entered the wood.
They were resting round her. The wind breeze
seemed to get stronger, & to sigh round up there;
within was stillness, presence; one could hear
leaves crackly; the dead leaves that lay
underfoot, with little spiny flowers among them:
light, frail flowers, almost the loneliest of the
year. Like paper, the thought, as she
strolled on, among the thick, high the
wood. Spring is the radiant time; But
She had had much more than most people.
For twenty five years she had [illegible]
walked here. [illegible] it up
to her. As But she had always known
that [illegible] was only a tenancy. She did
not own nothing here. She was merely one
of the many wives, who had passed [illegible] the
home; & had been gone, & their land died;
leaving perhaps a picture; what difference
did it make in her valley, for the faded,
the worn. She & wonder, she wondered.
Perhaps [illegible] The had
loved them. Perhaps one loved things

NYPL

differently, more purely, if she did not own them. If
her husband died to morrow she would no longer be a
rich woman. She would possess no land. She
all the jewels, & the more, all the finery she
used ~~passed on~~, would be taken from her.
and she would never come here again. She
could not bear to come back to the place if it
belonged to some one else. She broke off a little
twig & threw it on the ground. That was all
she could do. She picked a violet & smelt it.
One of these days I shall smell a that violet & it
will make me think of how I came here in
May; of how I walked here alone: how I sat down—
the sky hung under a tree—~~a wood~~ A
sense of being alone, & lonely, & the woods, the
grey misty filled her. She could see everything
for a moment as if she were about to go.
Then she threw away the violet & jumped up.
She was still strong; & everything was real &
determined. And the sense of Yearning
passed. Now
She came out on the top of the ridge.
She could see a great view. At the old
Lord had built his monument as a
mark for hunters it was said. It could be
seen two from the sea. But she had never
seen the sea from here. She always liked
to think she could. All England lay round her.
~~From the~~ She mounted the path under the trees.
But they thinned out as the sea got higher: at
from the new the sky ~~on the top of the~~ between
two ~~trees~~ these trees it looked
as if never blue. The ~~ran up the land~~ Came out
on the ridge, on the Moor the rough turf at

NYPL

on the top, by the monument which the old Earl had built there, as a mark for ships at sea. Now the view opened wide all round. We always enjoyed her how swift sense seemed to widen; as if they would expanding on, so that the body seemed to Orathea. She always looked ~~at~~ towards the moors; the great billowing lands that went rolling & sweeping away North to Scotland. It was a wild view. Nobody seemed ever to have cultivated it; there were no towns, or spires: only the moor. And the morning they were lost there look of loneliness; ~~as if they~~ as if they carried on a solitary life, independent of human beings. The Dark wedges & shadow, bright wedges & light had room to lie there, on the warden & the hills rode by side; the flood watched the light ~~to~~ travel over the purple shadow: & then again there was shadow. Nothing seemed petty. Nowhere in comparison. There were no ~~flowers~~ gardens & houses there. It seemed storm, & old, & also new born again with every instant, as the sun brightened, faded. And the ~~the~~ loved most was the desolation the independence of the country, which nobody owned. She loved most just gladly gave her life. She felt, for the moors that would last so long, so much longer than anything other. She with always felt, the thought; this noble land, this contained, their ~~Be~~ the She is my country. She felt; ~~there~~ & She sat on the turf. The ~~Examined~~ began pulling about the tiller short grass; feeling at the roots;

keeps
breaks
then

NYPL

Examining closely the few inches that were ~~before~~
round her. Then she looked at the view again. It was
time to do that. She felt she was sitting on the
back of the world. She felt that she was the
only person who was seeing it. And yet how little
the moors cared! She turned; but she looked
back again. The colours were still changing: ~~the~~
it was different. whether one looked or not
it was always there, changing. And so it would
go on. She could hardly bear to think that
it would be there when she was far away in
London. She looked, & she looked.
And when she turned at last to go back
she looked again at the extraordinary beauty
which would always be there, whether one looked
saw it or not. ~~It was~~ a There was more
beauty - more than anyone could see.
Even as she turned her back on it, it changed
again.

16th July. 1933

End of Part Four.

NYPL

1st January 1934

Part Five.

NYPL

Crosby was nothing along towards Kew in the fine October sunlight, the children in front of her her landladies two grandchildren, Alfred & Lizzy. the movement increased in angularity with time, that brought rheumatism, so that her walk more & more resembled the fluttering of a hen. She took the children out by an evening. to oblige Mrs. Bant;

steadfast
~~answered~~ but
uneasy

she had got into the habit of taking the children out an evening to oblige Mrs Bant.
New habits were forming & the old life at
Aberdeen Terrace was losing its ~~paramount~~ importance. ~~She had a certain independence. I~~
~~The war had brought to the war. Mrs~~
~~Bants~~ ~~grandchildren~~ The children had come to
stay with Mrs Bant, because their father was at
the war. Crosby obliged Mrs. Bant.
Crosby enjoyed ~~the sense of being that~~
~~she was of use~~. It reminded her of taking
taking them out; she ~~regretted~~ ~~forgot~~ that she was useful.
liked to feel We gave her some right to share in the
new emotions.

~~They marched on steadily beside her.~~
Sometimes the children lagged; sometimes
they capered; at ~~first~~ ~~to~~ crossings she
grasped them by the hand. firmly; glancing
~~up & down~~ to the right & to the left before she
would allow them to cross. Then they
all scuttled over in a body. Indeed the
streets at Richmond were very crowded.
Foot passengers edged all the pavement into
the street. At this hour crowds were
coming back from the city, bearing out
with them black bags. their crumpled newspapers

NYPL

There had been a disaster.

"Vera Brutish Cruelties Punish" Crosby read aloud from the placards that went wavering through the streets.

The stock brute

But tut tut tut the said deprecatingly. When she reached Alf by the hand, Liz by the other, & made the great decision that now was the time to cross. She had shepherded them safely to the long kerb that runs to the last gate at Kew. They could be trusted to walk ahead of her till they were at Liz's height without actual support. Independence & the power. But Martin Bobby-Ann Rose would have been up to all sorts of pranks at their age. Crosby could see Bobby now, making a hobby of milk at on the pavement outside Hyde Park. — for us our sheer duality, the need to hug; all 2 Liz were 24 lobes. Tragedy haired, Crosby 4 children; holding a minute boat, a minute doll, legs dangling under them as she hobbled off to the usual seat under the magnolia tree on the grass; the near the gate for the man who tried to walk to Jericho. The look out after she had rested a little in the sun, at the white calico with her needle. She looked up and her gold turned Everyone & then to see that the children were playing. Then she went back to her sewing, making a little noise like tut tut tut tut.

It was the middle of October, & the Though still fine & hot, there was a breeze in the afternoon which flaunted an all autumnal gold but leaf off a tree.

NYPL

Crosby felt chilly now & then. The chilly kept coming back to her & bothering them. Tops on the Cap. They wanted to walk on down to the lake.

"Come along then" she said at length; bringing her thread off. "And then we must go home."

The little convoy moved off in the direction of the lake. There were a good many people in the gardens: mothers & children: in the most part: middle class women: with babies: talking, gossiping, episodically for they were always: keeping half an eye on the children. There were nyes on the pram: nay small babies were crawling about. The decorated scene

Upset stability among them.

Crosby sat slowly down again on the edge of a seat: two men & a woman were when there already: then they pressed closer & make room further.

"There's nothing more about" said the man to the woman at the stop pen never.

Just dumb said the woman.

Crosby supposed that they were a young married couple. parents of the baby in a pram

then.

When the man footsteps, walked away & the woman stayed there

He walked in the direction of the gate, the head holding the paper under his arm.

Now had a Cowrie instinct to advise him to abandon this Aboddim scene way early Lingra Crosby.

NYPL

Crosby felt chilly now & then. The child kept coming back to her & putting their tops on to her cap. They wanted to walk on down to the lake.

"Come along then" she said at length: taking her thread off. "And then we must go home."

The little convoy moved off in the direction of the lake. There were a few people in the gardens: mothers & children: ~~in the most part~~: middle class women: with babies: dawdling, talking, episodically for they were always keeping half an eye on the children. There were rugs on the grass: gay small babies were crawling about. The decorated scene

displayed stability among them.

Crosby sat slowly down again on the edge of a seat: two men & a woman were when there already: then they pressed closer to make room for her.

"There's nothing much about it" said the man to the woman at the top pen news.

"Just dumb" said the woman.

Crosby supposed that they were a young married couple parents of the baby in a perambulator.

Then the man got up, walked away & the woman stayed there.

He walked in the direction of the gate, he had holding the paper under his arm.

Now had a
Cowcross instinct
to address her to
address that
Chaldean scene
way exactly
Cingra Cowley.

NYPL

the decorated scene tilted Ratelily among them.
Alf & Liz went down hand in hand to the water's
edge. Crosby looked about her for a seat—
in the sun, not in the wind. There was one,
already occupied though by a very old woman, man
sitting on[illegible] a carpetbag, & a young woman
knitting & a young man, making notes in a
little book. ~~But as they neared~~ Crosby
thought that they were the parents of a
child in a red jersey. There was room
for her if they moved a bit & sat a little
closer. ~~She~~ ~~took her place on the edge.~~
They edged closer together & she took her seat at
place at the end of the seat. Nobody spoke.
The disapproval of the old man & the suffering wife in
public; she liked the young married couple. Then
suddenly one of the girls opened its wings &
ran a few paces, ~~after~~ ~~a duck~~ the children.
They fled; Crosby rose & cried out, Let
him alone, Alf. "It will break its wings. Come
when she settled down again, the young man
put his book in his pocket & walked
away; the woman sat still, knitting.
Perhaps they were not even acquainted,
for Crosby thought, looking after him, as
he walked away. She was vaguely
disappointed; deceived in her estimate of him.
A little ashamed at having spoken.
The young man walked in the direction of the
sale, rather slowly at first, because he was
adding up figures in his head; ~~carrying~~
making a rough estimate of his commission
on sales: he was a traveller in men's
underwear. On the whole, business was

Crosby watched
her husband on the
grass.

Alf had meddled with her children & then fled.

Don't meddle with her children

Alf, who "They might break his arm" the grandmother, & Crosby on the sympathetic young couple.

annoyed at

NYPL

He hastily unpacked his things & then walked briskly up & down the platform.

fairly brisk, considering the cautious hasty look at the trees, at the flowers here, rich red & yellow with autumn flowers. Butcher His face sickened; he walked briskly to the station & down the streets of villas which led to the station. He was lucky; soon a train came in & he arrived; he was just in time to jump on board & secure a seat. There was no room for his bag. He had to hold it on his knees. The train was very full. He thought vaguely that the car railway company were being forced to cut down their service already. The carriage was full of soldiers, very young; probably in training for the depot. They were talking & laughing & smoking cigarettes, & others had been reading, playing billiards, talking some country violent German legends. The other passengers, Kept looking at them surreptitiously. There was a good deal to be said for their job compared with her own. Brent Parker thought. He had a good mind to jump up hastily. the book. Almost with his cigarette case he took out his order book. He had another look at the figures in the train Hed into Hammersmith. Lots of the soldiers got out there. They trampled down the carriage in single file, chaffing each other, making a loud noise, taking up a lot of room. And suddenly

"a nice cheerful lot of fellows" said the old lady next him to her friend as they

the train started again. Now there was more room. People began unfolding their newspapers. "Here British Grenadiers made"

NYPL

~~was in front block headlines about the front pages.~~
Everybody already knew that the British
Cruiser had been sunk. They were looking for
details; for they but there were none; so they had
often suspected this there was no real information;
they had therefore been given news that had nothing
were quite irrelevant. that had been about
gardens; about the weather; about a woman
having twins at Andover; the train
~~waiting from~~ had now entered the long
tunnel; daylight was cut off. They all
sat looking straight in front of them. Now that
the soldier had left, there was no laughter; no
talk; but only the rattle of the train;
not work which to read the papers. In
there short journeys nobody read books. They
merely sat staring.

Only the elderly lady who had said
asked the luck of the soldier said to the man
by her side, who held his paper across knees,
"You have done much good paper — he saw it
he. Certainly" he said very sharply. He
gave it her with a sharp jerk, not unlike the
deliberate way in which she accepted her
Thank you reluctantly. He turned also to women;
to read," as the said mumbled something about bad news;
she replied. He looked furious, unhappy. His
hands were clenched as he knew. He was
an elderly man, with a short white moustache, a
narrow white hands, but. He looked
very small; but rather
three times such he said he hung. Why
what for! He looked up, down the
carriage. Everybody was staring in a

NYPL

a bold parson way in front at them, at the plump
walk, with flushed face, reflected in it. That
Dancad chuckled. Best Father opposite was
sending the smoke out high he now. He
looked very pink, very round, very jewel tempered.
The wrong way round, A boy's head was in his tie, the
first little man — Ray Sargent — noted.

They'll get you one of these fine days, he said
to Emily. You'll be floating on the Mersey
one of these days — what for, what for what for?
He had said the same thing so many thousand
times since the 4th of August. Like he has often
when he was working (at the Education office)
he remembered the sentence; but now he set
right, or as now, in a train, the sentence formed
itself, went on hammer hammer hammer.
The lady, having done with the paper,
politely offered it. Sargent took it and laid
on the floor.

Like a row of bloody cormorants
feeding on herring: he said to Emily.
Everybody looked flustered, suddenly unpleasantly
charged, incurable. as they rubbed thigh
to thigh Kensington. All were well dressed,
respectable; moneyed, educated men, like
Emily. He can number a hundred
Educated. Brought up at Rugby or Cambridge.
We can number what to be done!
How can we make any impression?
Educated men — he stared at the paper.
The usual smooth sentences were
Yesterday Thursday. heroes; honour;
Country. It could do stared.

the wrong way round,

NYPL

Rex Sargent felt that in, forced to sit there, wedged in ~~by a~~ in her seat; he wrenched away from his work, (he was an accountant): all his habits ~~were~~ affect: his beliefs outraged. ~~& what was~~ at for: ~~what~~ his Education: their education: he thought in ~~after~~ one flash of Rugby Cambridge Germany France: all that: if this were the result! He keyed his eyes on the swanky fat face of the woman in a shawl: ~~She was the~~ ~~not to blame~~ She was unaware, indifferent; the rat there, her great gold ring sunk into the fat fingers: but she was unbearable compared ~~the men~~: & he again ~~then~~ attacked the usual ~~bourgeois~~: the Stalemen, English, French, German: Educated men. He was merely a hostile Educated man. But ~~as~~ for rather down now to who have brought them on us. Why? What for? But they should have known better. They were the ~~the~~ criminals: they were the plotters: educated men. And the newspapers, pumping up these poor half educated Americans, Canadians with their swollen words. Everybody looked bloated, ~~and~~ Enlarged in her eyes. The atmosphere was thick with a kind of uneasy gloating excitement: something uneasy ~~we~~ moved excitement down the carriage: there was the suppressed excitement that comes when Everybody is thinking the same thing: & he was thinking a different thing. He longed to hurt someone to get up, shake his fist: to cry out. & And at the same time he knew that he was quite powerless: ~~nobody~~ he had no way of making even a realness of ~~knowledge~~ what for? People moved

a passive indifferent victim: a mere bulk of flesh blood:

They should have known better:

part of people were almost ready to meet the complete stranger:

NYPL

roll over the words than tenderness took hold of
phrase. He caught her own reflection in the glass
work, as they rattled along. Its raw
a little pale grey moustached rather red, very
The train stopped at Knightsbridge. He jumped
up eagerly. It was not her station; but any
they were better than sitting still wedged in
a spectator. He wedged in the door for
a moment he jostled a hurried against the
slow moving crowd. People were
The conductor gave his automatic cry:
Passengers off first please: & then in came
more people. For Knightsbridge was crowded.
It was Saturday. Two young people, a
in the market than every door in overcoats &
every cloak for in. The girl found a seat
the young man her companion hung from a
strap in front of her. Now & again they
said something as the train rattled on.
The girl liked when the young man spoke to
her. She leaned forward to answer him, as
if, subconsciously, she were proud of being
with him. The girl felt He She was
aware of the lady opposite & that people
were staring making up little descriptions of
them, just as she did lately: they were saying
that one of the fine young fellows: a boy in
khaki; & that his girl; a thing having a
last supper to settle; a rapid sympathetic
admiration, something warm sentimental
rose, as from the face. Even of elderly
men; & they approved, she felt; they
were kindly to her; blest, he only

NYPL

What a
rude stroke
to lay off!

toward him: everybody was very nice to young Italian —
cab drivers, shop keepers — & nowhere the
Cab man spared his fare. ~~He was not~~ Very
~~yes he said, we shall~~ "Aunt Jane was a dear"
the last. feeling the eyes of the elderly woman
upon her. They ~~would not be most~~ listened
eagerly to everything the young men & the young
women were saying to know. She had
to glue already heard her own mother say
I rather like such a charming young couple in
the train. The boy was "I so am.
At last, a place was empty by the side.
Robin stopped in to it, but only after he
had seen that no woman was standing.
He was extremely imparive. He looked as if
he were under orders; trained not to
wince or to glance or to move. His hand
went once or twice to his moustache.
As he sat beside her, correct, quiet,
formal. with the man already catching his
Nancy — his aunt 'good' his 'carry on':
Here was Piccadilly Circus. Curious & the
eyes that slid over the edges of shapes in
their direction. They were rose, & moved
out;
The elderly lady again looked after
them, as the train moved on. They were
walking along the platform — a young man,
a young woman. She sighed, melancholy.
But it was right; it was inevitable;
English people always behave like that.
She thought to herself, crossing over in
the depths of her mind the stock phrases
about "Scrap of paper"; honour; an

NYPL

English manner duty. She looked along the train: with its red faced whole faced silent people: Mark what we are, she said to herself: she had a touching & strong feeling that they all belonged to one family, were members one, united, to one high ideal. destiny

The train stopped at Leicester Square. When the train stopped, & she found herself walking in the opposite direction to the left, the rhythmical sense the emotion was jerked. Everybody became individual. But a thought came to her help, remote, help realised - for there was no one here, about little consolation. Little acts of self Control; if somebody had stopped & asked her the Hampstead Tube she would have been glad; and was she relieved to change became the lift was full, & she had to wait in the draught, for another. Dimly she felt that numbers of young men were standing about in pouring rain for her sake.

In Leicester Square the was brilliant with lights. They hopped in & out over the theatres. It was Saturday, & queues were standing in long rows; men were playing banjos in the middle of the street; the ~~Ghost motor~~ motor omnibuses plastered red now & again a woman, reading a newspaper, opened her bag, lit a ~~lit~~ flung him a penny. Above the horses the light hung like a yellow ~~bellow~~ awning. ~~And above the~~ And then

NYPL

The birds were chattering making an extraordinary
Discordant chatter as they settled
in flocks on St Martins Church & the eaves &
the National Gallery. Nelsons Column
rose, elongated, illuminated, until the little
figure & the coil of rope became clear black
against the sky. Later the moonlight was
reflected in the basin of water.
A couple coming out of the theatre about
Eleven o'clock, looked up, as they walked
down to the underground.
The moon It was a clear night, & the crater in
moon seemed like an engraving on a
beautifully polished silver coin. Not a
cloud softened the sharp edge. —
— but would I swear our word of honour to
France" said the
You can't get out of the last that we
became committed to by the treaty ..."
Their voices died away in the distance.
The man suddenly saw the moon
sinking in a placid sea: lights
a ~~fleet~~ ship's light like on a
~~distant mast, lights, & his head~~
humoured vacant face — as a
sailor steering aimlessly, leans up, down
at the man.

—

patched with
light on
the sea.

½ angle of
light

NYPL

two men crossing the Square in the direction of
St Martins Lane saw in such work.
" ..... Not [illegible] sang-froid, we were bound by the
peaty " [illegible] said one of them, pushed his
scuttle back looking down again
"Capping [illegible] at the peaty"; replied Eleanor
Partridge, catching the last words of the fantastic
as she passed them; the words were so familiar
that she half attached to know the speakers. She
stared after them; they were middle aged men of
the professional class; but she did not know
them. She could not remember to
forget the war for long. She thought ratherbitterly. She had been to the play; for the
past hour she had been absorbed; unwittingly
wondering how it would end. And the end
had indeed differently. She had forgotten
had taken the completely by surprise.
the war completely. Now here it was again
Once the war in New Natal Jan Square.
with the lorries, the army blankets in the moonlight; the
chatter, tossing beams of torch; Nelson on
his column; parties. Placards, omnibuses;
people in their ordinary day clothes, hanging
along to catch trains, trams.
She decided that she would walk
part of the way to Piccadilly & get into the
tube there. But the pleasure of walking
suddenly was gone; mind & still running as
the play, was dashed. She had an
uneasy feeling of guilt. It was
childish to become so absorbed in a mere

NYPL

story; in ~~a world~~ something that was only made up,
~~when~~ inside a warm well lit theatre. When she
ought to be thinking — what? She looked
at the street; but there was nothing in
particular to fix her mind upon. Only they looked
much as it usual. There was no sign of
war. People were crowding into omnibuses just as
usual. They showed the same desire to get in a
they pushed & struggled as usual. In fact there
was nothing to fix ones mind on: no ~~she had been~~
The truth was she no longer felt very
much lonely. She had no definite feeling
left. ~~That was~~ Except ~~that~~ this wrongness
feeling that it was wrong: after all,
nobody can feel for ever. She told herself,
Nobody felt all the time. ~~The had~~
Everybody ~~at the theatre~~ & The audience had
laughed & clapped: they had roared with
laughter. Yes, but she had an uneasy
feeling that the actors knew that
something was wrong. And yet she did nothing
She had no strong convictions. The workers
She went out. She did this & that: often
She longed about the war for hours together
~~But then~~ she thought, And it was for that
reason that there was war. If she as a
girl had always read the papers & followed
followed the course of politics & the head
Twenty years ago formed a society &
headed a procession & gone to Whitehall,
& said, if you dont stop what you're doing,
A ridiculous thought! ~~She had never~~
How could she mind of her coming abroad

NYPL

Lots busy other people can.

fourteen more hours. There in her home; there in her father: but she had never been educated, she thought: yet she might have taught Emily: she might have gone to Malvern. Only it seemed so very remote. Everything seemed extraordinarily remote like the Chapel. Only three days before war broke out had anyone talked about it. As far as she could remember Eugene was talking about Ireland. Suddenly, Morris said they were very brown. And then almost the next day it seemed to her, war was declared. It was a wonderful evening. The war lit up the terrace looking over the downs. A wave of terror came over her: about they were the hills were in danger. It was odd, how vivid the feeling was. More particular hills are in danger. She did not think of Emily. She found often lately she only saw the great rolling downs, looking very majestic & calm, & she said to Emily, "Hills." Not if I can prevent it. & all the for a moment, she felt ... just what every body says they felt all the time, the Chapel. to her, if she were honest, it was one moments Exaltation.

Then arguments began: arguments more than arguments in the train: arguments in London. We thought the had stood Everybody talked: & began dining they were still talking, like three men in Falstaff began about the Peace. A bus stopped alongside, & the fetus, at random. For some reason she did not wish to go on walking.

NYPL

& the press & other people used. began her remorseless.

She had a queer feeling that she wanted to give up her voluntary attempt to find something solid: & ~~of other people~~ perhaps other people wanted help her. Her own individual effort thanked valiantly, then it failed. The inner Night Keys out. Ye Hordes of arguments began pressed to rise up on all sides round her own little effort: Clouding, cumbering. We had done then. We had done that: yes: but ~~that~~ do we find Huntley that now. Bentley. ~~Some~~ some people, like Rex Sargent, ~~somebody~~ ~~embossed~~ ~~that~~ hated the politicians: but that turned to her ~~abroad~~. The politicians were corrupt, cornered: No, the Night, as the bus swung down Piccadilly, that's a fabrication: Only ordinary men: the Night: very hard working: not gifted, not inspired: Gladstone might have been, Parnell might have been. But nowadays there only rather ordinary: they don't know: they don't see: how can we trust the blame on them! They run a shop; ~~letter~~ that's our feeling towards them: business men: lots of type written, departments: Now Gladstone was a figure, the Night. He would have stalked up, ~~entered~~ it: these men toil away: we only don't never listen to what they say. Who could read the speeches! Again the tense & ~~remoteness~~ relentless attached her: for seemed as if these vast & forces were no longer controlled: people were not able to continue so that nothing happened either way: then ~~would~~ happen: far far

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out of our control. Nobody in this bus could have done anything. The thought. Look about – little feeble ordinary, commonplace:

Perhaps the whole thing is ordinary commonplace. She had a terrible jolly & guilt as the thought this. She tried to enlarge her mind Norman a Catastrophe: disaster & meant the end of a romance. Norman the lord knows I believe it's a dream. commonplace: Don't feel any of the things I ought to be feeling. But – did anyone? They were all so rather Mrs Kirby: Crom: She wished she could talk to the conductor: but he was engaged in checking the legend of the tickets. He was rolling up coloured ~~a sheet of~~ counterfoils in his legend as a sheet – note the legend on the her tickets. Perhaps then nobody feels anything in particular. She thought he looked. Then why do they say they do? What's it all about? Heroism. undaunted courage, holding together, one front family. all the rest of it. ~~Can't take like a~~

She had a green lens, as the bus swung: touched of great watery stream a bay small border: an ill fitting ill fitting. Canvas great discomfort; as if one were always trying to make some effort. & to grasp something: but could not.

She got out of the bus, with relief. She had a ten minutes walk. Hugh Dreary little streets. to her flat, but

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it was better than sitting in the bus, trying to argue this way & that way. The night air was fresh & chill. All the homes looked demure, respectable, safely locked & barred for the night. In this middleclass neighbourhood, people ~~got~~ went early home. Only the usual cats showed their wildness, coming out in broad day & ~~on it was mid~~ in the dark. Two brilliant green lights glowed at her — a cats eyes. Just at that point. The Her flat was in a new block at the end of a road. There was no light. She had to walk up four flights of stone stairs to reach it. All the other tenants were in, the doors shut, & she could see their names on the glass at the side of each door. At last she let herself in. A shaft of envelopes lay on the floor. The ~~The windows were~~ letter box was in the door. She liked the sense of coming in to a home. The house was empty. Nobody was waiting up. Char had gone.

She got out of the bus with relief. It was a relief to be in ordinary night sky, without flaring & coloured lights. It was a relief not to see people. ~~She~~ It was better to walk & to feel the fresh air on one's face. She had a ten minutes walk before her to the home of the middle class street. The silhouettes of the houses were precisely alike; each looked especially demure, as she passed them. Blind unbetrayed. Safely barricaded & locked. In their gardens, people

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Kept very early hours. Every one was asleep: only
the cats were out, stalking about their
business. Two brilliant green lights flared
at her for a second; & then became extinct.
Here she reached the square block of buildings at
the corner; in which she had her flat, right at
the top. All the other tenants were in, she
noticed, glancing at the board with their
names in gold letters, in the hall. She walked
up the two flights of stone steps to her own
door. The ~~latch~~ key felt the feeling of coming
back to an empty room, the thought as she let
herself in; no one was waiting up: no one was
~~The newspaper was stuck in the~~ Milk
was left outside; the newspaper was pushed
through the under the door sill; there were
no letters fallen in a flutter on the floor.
~~The was no~~ There was no Crosby, no Jeffry,
wondering what had happened to her. And
in five minutes, by touching a certain
number of knobs, the room was lit, the fire
electric fire was burning, she had put a
kettle on to boil: there was her breakfast
waiting on a tray: there were no fears, no
bothers.

When she turned to the window: nobody
had drawn the curtains. She looked out
at the view: it was so high that she had a
sense of looking over London: down on to
innumerable roofs: here a tree a tree: there
a church: far away on a fine night the towers
of the towers of Westminster Cathedral: &

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the Sky was immensely big & wide & empty: & brought upon her that indescribable loneliness which comes sometimes in bright moonlight — There is an extraordinary gaiety in the Sky the thought; & sat down to warm her feet. She held a little packet of letters in her hands. ~~She knew~~ from the shape of the envelopes ~~that some were~~ bills & receipts: some were business ~~advertisements~~; the rest, two may be addressed in letters; ~~an~~ American Parcels Post. Crossman; Mein Liege; only one looked intently; who would be likely to write such? The ~~was~~ letter bended over in the kitchen; & the when she had made her ~~coffee~~ tea she came back holding the cup in hand: & ~~took~~ took up the Evening Paper to glance at, while she supped One must the Night see what had happened A Coroner had been sent; & the Coroner — who was drowned? The glanced at the list of officers which came for Nobody she had ever heard of. She supped Then suddenly she saw the name Rankin. was that the man she had met at Mowes's? Tall. pale Coloured, with a nice smile; very clever with his hands He had shown them different ways of tying knots. Sailors are such charming people. Celia had said; he had just been paying? — Wages day? She could not remember. L. R. Rankin. the reading the paper. Yes, Thomas called him Lionel. Well, he was dead. She remembered how he had held the door open for her & she went on. But what an inconceivably silly thing — the

Looking Lingering There.

She knew what they were about:

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they, the thought ~~to~~ there he was, now, long at. Floating on
the top of the water, bobbing up & down. In the
moonlight. For a second the scene appeared
quite clearly: the calm waving trees:
for all she could do, he crept & she could
not help seeing his face, dead white,
staring, up at the moon: & then as she looked,
& realised that it was a dead face, quite
helpless, drifting away, ~~slowly~~ again slowly
like anger, guilt, terror rose in her: ~~that~~
I didn't ask it, she said, as if she had
been telling him not to hurt the dear she. to be.
~~He was~~ the first person to die in the war
that she knew. all the other names were
quite unknown. Numbers were attached to them
"A Mrs Jefferson. The usual age postman, at
Cudover gave back to Ralphs lodge" & she read
glancing down the column. She looked at the
moon again. No the emotion was over:
Rankin had handed out another life sentence.
She broke open her letter, impatiently.
She hardly needed to read them: ~~would she~~
the meeting had been changed from Thursday at
11, to Friday at 3.30, as Mr. Pycroft could
not come: ~~would she sign~~ Miriam
had got some rather important names to a
petition:

Well but it's all we can do, she said
to herself, as if she were speaking to the
man who had once held the door open —
was now fading. One can't do merely
those things — she said, when her
eye again became active, seeing the words
flowing over now. It marched: it

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Jelly. The other letters were only ~~notes~~ demands
for water & Calfskin. Then she opened the only
one that was written in violet ink.
Maggie asked me to tell you that she has a
Daughter. Both are well. René

Eleanor was surprised; for
~~Maggie~~ has a daughter & she said he knew
Because she had been thinking & dreaming, that
She was rather How Early. & he seemed
to her that there was right: The Night stood
magnificent: how she must turn to Maggie
with a sudden emotion of admiration — of
Human gratitude, as if she had produced an army,
~~Before~~ hit out at some enemy: had
made a triumphant effort; of rescue.
That magnificent the Night. The was
The day back drinking her tea.

Let me see; if she's born in 1914, she'll be
ten in 1924, & 20 in 1934, & 30
in 1944 ... ~~She~~ Involuntarily her eyes
rested on the clock as if the mere ticking of
it could arrest time on its race.
And I shall be dead then, the Night —
? ~~shall be~~ I wonder ~~what she'll do~~:
I shall be. Let me see, 88 —
~~Whatever~~ Now I work I were 22 the
Night. Night I would ~~but~~ not as I was;
but now, when everything is so interesting.
Everything so horrible. She crouched busy
thinking the war. For a little time
The rat-tat the electric fire; then she
gathered her letters together, arranged them
& Night, Friday with not me rather

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better than Wednesday. Her days were very full now: she had taken on one thing after another: yes, I can manage Friday: ask Edward for lunch, the theyer. Nigs must get lunch somewhere else.

She made a ~~letter~~ note on her diary. She was very full:

"The Levys" she said to herself.

Thanks Goodness The Theyers

Were ~~are~~ always the Levys.

She ~~saw~~ the theyers, the new born baby stretching its arms, yawning, curling & uncurling its fingers. ~~New born babies were very restful;~~ She had as ~~nature~~ always to admire ~~their~~ nature's ~~ingenuity~~, their ingenuity, how ~~came to her mind before~~ always the little ~~thing~~ ~~ingenuity~~ ~~ingenuities~~ ingenuities ~~were~~ are necessary for after three minutes. ~~She~~ But the baby would grow up; & become a child, a girl, a human being.

"Now it was time for lunch" she thought.

She stopped briefly; for ~~what~~ she was weary & thank as the war as a relief, with briefly watching, from a safe seat; many people do; she thought, by very artful: what would happen?

She wondered. What

She ~~stopped~~. ... She thought how she had

The young are so worldly and ~~between~~ ~~ingenious~~. "she

Even I — I had my dreams ... "

Laid her letter meaning on her writing table:

& almost on to make ~~the~~ ~~briefly~~ look the ~~engagement~~

book: crossed out Friday: engagement

& substituted the other. The week was

full. Every day had some engagement

pencilled on it.

Thank goodness for the Levys" she

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the Jane another look at me they as she turned to go to bed; but she declined vaguely, unsteadily. If I'd had a guarter of that money, she said to herself, thinking of the war, I would have done it. I wouldn't take a guarter of that money to look after them: & then bundle up & present home: with hot water; bottles & hot water all day long." She went into her private bathroom,* filled with taps, shower bath, basin; & let the geyser. She had hot baths twice a day. They were the joy of her life.

6th Jan.

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6th Jan.

She was confused for a moment,

It was a bitter cold night in the middle of December, & Eleanor, as she emerged from the underground, pulled her shabby mole skin coat more closely round her. & The wind fell for a moment & then came again from the North & the Compass. There were the towers of Parliament; there was the river; therefore she must turn to the right. The shrouded lights added to the difficulty. The sheet lamps, bowed & pale blue, shed only a muffled & twilight illumination. All the Government buildings were dark. Great fans of light, fanning like the sails of a windmill, moved across the sky; revealing little patches of pale yellow tinted sky, very far away; & sometimes they stopped & lapping sometimes on the same zone patch of the sky more closely. & then they swept on again. It was possible that there would be an air raid, to night. Eleanor reflected. On the other hand, it was quite four or five nights since There But there had been one. The moon would be for there was no moon. But there had been no raid this month so far: & next week the moon would be rising again. The man was dining with Maggie & René; & they lived in one of those rather obscure little streets somewhere behind Deans Yard: which were always difficult to find. The people about. The peered up at the corners of streets trying to read the names; & the huge bulk of the Abbey always made

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pocket

seemed to make the street and its neighbourhood
smaller & darker. But he had a little torch
look at his little torch, & walked on to the
door after another. Fifteen was their number.
He found it & knocked. Here it was:
the rang & at the same time he knocked,
as if in the darkness the maid would find it
difficult to hear. But the door
opened almost instantly. It was
Monsieur Rene himself the thought, seeing a
tall man instead of a maid.

"Come in, come in," he said; speaking
perfect English. But with more cordiality there was
something foreign in his manner; — she did
not know what. And he led her & opened the a
door into the lobby room, & she went straight
into the sitting room which seemed to her,
after the blue muffled street extraordinarily
bright. Another man was standing by the
fire, & she had expected to find them alone —
"My friend Nicholas ..." "something or
other. She could not catch the foreign roundy
name. He was clearly not English. He
was large, rather dark, & rather attractive —
for, having shaken hands, he went on
talking, as if he could not allow the
entrance of a stranger to prevent something
that he particularly wanted from saying what he
was saying: as if the interruption, which
would have paralysed an ordinary Englishman, and
gave him a momentary shock, a jar: a
momentary check, which could not
check was at once swept into the current of
his being. She was released: after then

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first moments of meeting were so embarrassing.
. . . & her pulse was never more than seventy, & her temperature was always half a degree below normal. "We are talking of Napoleon," he said, "for whom I have a perfect passion. Ever since I began talking about Napoleon I cannot help but feel that he was a man altogether sui generis in every way. And I find it extremely interesting to consider these great men in the light of science as it can be called; for of course psychology is at present in a state where it can hardly claim to be more than [illegible]. I will tell Maggie . . ." said René leaving them alone together.

more than child's play.

Eleanor hid her molehskin coat & laid it on a chair.

That was interesting she said awkwardly.

on the bank.

of course then, he continued.

Curious that the stream of ideas was running just below but just beyond her reach. The room was cold & dazzled & stuffy & crude.

Then only thing that is funny to count in the world that could be born after the war; the man continued. If we do not know ourselves how can we make laws that have any bearing upon our actual beings, our desires? Let us see, we are living today in an absolute Cyclonalic which is obsolete because it means no—

Cyclonalic

he stopped, hesitating for a word, because it doesn't fit" said Eleanor, supplying a word that was much shorter than he, with his foreign too knowledge only of the more formal words, could not find. "It doesn't fit, it doesn't fit" he repeated, using the phrase gladly. "It doesn't fit." That just it . . . He had not given her the idea; only

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word; nevertheless she felt satisfied. In fact, she had not followed what he was saying. But she liked him. Then suddenly she realized his meaning:

"That is probably true," she said; how odd that you should say it. Because I was thinking so myself. But we are all thinking the same things, he went on, only we do not say them.

The door opened; René returned. He was not nearly so foreign as his friend. He was She might almost take him for an Englishman, Eleanor thought: he was fair; he had a big nose, very dark eyes. He came from the South of France, but then he had been educated in England. He had the real reserve that Eleanor was used to in young men. Her heart began to ~~race~~ again, he said bravely. "Then Lady Nicholas began; "I did not catch your name" he interrupted kindly.

Eleanor Payzlu" said Eleanor, shy at hearing herself name herself. Eleanor Payzlu, Eleanor Payzlu. She repeated, rolling the words as if she liked their meaning. "Call me Eleanor's such a pretty name" she said impulsively; isn't it a pretty name? Isn't it a pretty name? ... "

The young man is so attractive at first; but he becomes an awful bore in time, Eleanor thought to herself: he talks splendid English. Yet she liked him. He made her feel reckless. He filled the glasses.

René poured out wine, & handed it to them. How long you got wine? she asked him. "Because he is the son of a wine merchant" said Nicholas. And like all Frenchmen, he has a

working round the room; a tea cup on the hearth rug seemed to explain that. Explain that they had been arguing for some time.

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a just idea of the ... "again he hesitated. "I must be careful to use the right word now" he said, as René will be insulted.

"I'm not ashamed of my French" said René. He drank hastily.

He was

"Dinner will be ready in a moment."

The servant put a glass of sherry

handed them glasses of sherry.

"Wine!" said Eleanor. "What a luxury!" She sipped; he had not tasted wine for weeks. "Being the son of a wine merchant, being a Frenchman" said Nicholas, "he has a just idea of this ..." he replied. He drank he. Eleanor said to herself, "Yes" the ravishing man, who becomes a dreadful bore, after a time; but the because he talks too much. but at first, just because he did not mind what he said, he was a help. The wine slid down his throat; she felt a did not mind as much what he said now: And what was the argument about?" she said. Politics, I suppose:

Ge the origin of the war" said René. That was how we came to Napoleon. We were what the Allies should have done at the end of the Napoleonic wars" Nicholas added, but to understand the behaviour of any one body of men, the Nicholas began—

Magdalena came in.

"Dinner is ready" she said "Mr Lewis in the kitchen" "She said: I pre dart mind" she added, talking she showed Eleanor the way

an awful

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"but
~~But~~ It
"But Magdalena, Elvira is coming" said Nicholas.
But they were already down in the basement,
& Magdalena was explaining that they had no
servants. She had cooked the dinner herself,
cleaned up.
"We have a name" she said, helping them to
soup. And so we dine here; & it is much
nicer – having no servants."
~~But Elvira said she was coming~~ "said Nicholas:
~~But she said only yesterday, I shall not see~~ at
I saw her yesterday, said Nicholas. She said to me,
~~Then~~ But she must be mistaken: she said
this time, she may have mistaken the day; but
No, she's coming" said Maggie. ~~Only this, I tell~~
Anyway we can wait." he said. & let the ser-
vant will bring her up.."
"Why did we ever have servants!" said Eleanor.
"When it's so much nicer ~~cooking our own dinner~~
The Lord them ~~have~~ ~~The had~~ about Cranley; about
coming home at night to be our Nat. ~~The had~~
The wine, which she had not tasted for so long,
was removing her shyness; & Maggie, she noticed,
was less silent. – Perhaps the effect of result of
be-marriage, of children;
Of course I have only a woman to wash up" said
Maggie. And we're only on the top floor; &
"And we're dirty" said Rene-
He frowned at another flash of anim-
Nicholas came back. He was grave.
"She's not there" he said to Maggie. "No
answer."

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"But Magdalena, Elvira is coming" said Nicholas.
"But they were already down in the basement,
& Magdalena was explaining that they had no
servants. She had cooked the dinner herself,
cleaned up afterwards.
"We have a name" she said, helping them to
soup. "And so we live here; & it is much
nicer – having no servants."
"But Elvira – I thought you at
I saw her yesterday, said Nicholas. she said to me,
that she must be moving: after Maggie:
this true, she may has mistaken the day; but
No, this coming.
Carly me can't wait." he said. & let the ser-
vant will bring her up.."
"Why did we ever have servants!" said Eleanor.
"When it is so much nicer
She told them how she had about Carly; about
coming home at night to her own flat. She had
the wine, which she had not tasted for so long,
was removing her shyness; & Maggie, she noticed,
was less silent. – Perhaps the effect of result of
her marriage, of children;
Of course I have a woman to wash up" said
Maggie. And we left the top floor; &
"And we're dirty" said Rene-
He frowned at another flash of anger.
Nicholas came back. He was grave.
"This not there" he said to Maggie. "No
answer."

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"Probably on his way here" said Maggie
He sat for a moment looking at her rough: then he
began to drink great mouthfuls. Eleanor But was
he in love with Elvira, were they engaged? Eleanor
wondered. She liked him much better now that
he was silent. If he was without self consciousness;
now that he was asleep; he showed it.
During supper in this old basement room, with kept the
kettle, with here fetching things, they were
feeling developed, the thaw; more easily, at any rate,
When they heard somebody coming down the stairs.
Ah said Nicholas, hurrying down her to Room. His
face, beamed as he looked at the door, & Elvira
Came in.

She looked pinched & cold, & as the light
Dazzled her for a moment.
too were thinking you were dead" said
Rene. Maggie. The two had changed, Eleanor
Mrs Eyer. As a child she had looked so queer; now
She was scarcely crooked; & she was not deformed
Was the But that she had the
person char work, which even a slight deformity
brings, of — what was it?
resolution. — Like Mrs Eyer but the change from the
street to the room had numbed her. The scarcely
so handy mild: But as the rat down, the
Sail he hand to Nicholas. who heard it.
"Yes we are dirty" said Maggie, continuing
the And we don't change for dinner. as Mrs Eyer
But you're dressed, said Rene; he had wanted an
Them ask. He was now sabry hungry.
No then is not Jenny" said Maggie. Isit
Eleanor.

He was weary somethy silver water said

Probable-ness Jenkes
such as 'I like ye'
'I dont'

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threads in it: at the [illegible] where the [illegible] the
Vault was fraged, so that the gold threads were
tangled: She pointed at Patten the said
I was thinking how beautiful Stwan, said Eleanor;
again - again she had looked at her.
But I couldn't draw out take them, said Maggie:
Eleora put down her spoon & touched the sleeve,
which
I bought them Constantinople" said Maggie
"a turbaned & pantaloon Turk" said Eleora
I met a turbaned
Charles how it goes"
dreamily. She was, as if she were [illegible] still [illegible]
numbed by the cold: but was slowly recovering, as the frank.
"but that's pretty" she said, touching the wrap
[illegible] and the plates" "They were painted
with red & purple birds; of basket of flowers:
It was old China, Eleanor suspected; the
thought she could remember [illegible] a
Cabinet in Brown's Street.
"I used to be in the Drawing room at home" said
Maggie: But now we are at
"We break it" said Penny.
"I Daresay I'll last out the war" said
Maggie Then "the second year: we're
Not got Eastern States"
"And why were you so late?" said
Nicholas, cheerfully jerky, but reproachfully,
rather as though he were a child. He bent to her
[illegible] her wrap. Eleanor noticed, before he
spoke to her.
"Because - oh because of that damned
fool [illegible] before. came to tea
Eleora [illegible] suddenly turned to
[illegible] other Nicholas.

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"George has ~~joined~~ up. Eleanor: George wears a uniform. George came to tea. I dedut—ask George to come.) was lying on my back reading a book. The bell rang. That's the wash. I said to myself. "I swear George is in his uniform. What the devil are you wearing that for?" I said. There he was, in the middle the room. ~~Looking very a fine officer.~~ ~~And he said to me,~~ with his hand to his head like this. "To give you (done it) said Now why? Aren't you ~~an educated man I said,~~ ashamed? Greatly. ~~parading the Strand like a Cad.~~ Car Carey attitudes like ~~the Duke of Wellington at~~ Hyde Park Corner." ~~And he said to me:~~ "It was very like the D. of Wellington" Hyde Park Corn. And so we had tea.

Thinking

You wouldn't think that a well fed young man— ~~who dressed~~ you know with three very nice eyes that Mowi has, when whose education his parents Went between two (Nice Ones and would do. I behave like a... Hamburg sausage on a soup tureen. So) gave them tea— 2 ½d only 26 lumps of sugar left— take me ah! said. by way of nature—

Six lumps of sugar. I said

"But he didn't see it." said Nicholas.

No. ~~And that was~~ what ~~insulted~~ me: he that was (as the argument ~~Hamlet~~ He didn't See that he ~~heard~~ ~~a manner~~ that) was (laughing at) Three lumps of sugar when I had only 22 left ~~they~~ ~~raisin~~ with ham: ~~A~~ The hero's first attribute I said to myself.

How many lumps of sugar. I said.

How many lumps of sugar (I said by way of nature. But he didn't see it. George? George who! said Eleanor. ~~The felt~~ ~~The felt~~ ~~Eleanor the felt~~ She felt, because

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Mesny Hamley words were eager: ~~that made he~~
~~answer that this~~ but as of Elvira might
suddenly draw her lips up a little: but at what?
She had not understood.

~~George is your nephew, I suppose,~~ said she
"You mean George Paget, Morris's son?" said
Maggie. "He's joined up to fight."
"Lying, hypocritical, damned little humbug"
said Elvira.

He's joined up
has he?
Well I'm not
surprised.

They ate rat silent for a moment.
Eleanor did not feel ~~in the~~ angry:
"Something has happened to Elvira the night: She
has grown up." "Irrelevantly," The aunt did not
think what she was saying: the thought, probably true:
"is in love with Nicholas."
"You are being unkind" said Nicholas, still very
gently. "You should make allowances."
"I said to him, Do you think then is the answer
brave man? What d'you do often.
My knee, my bloody" he said that
last stranger to allusion in the middle of this
drawing room: bother like an old male whose
going to kick. he said Mercy, my bloody
Elvira: whereupon the belle thanked
Chatham helped him to bathe
him Maggie. he thought)
Then Damned ass said: I helped him to bathe & he-
Cake, to be ~~the~~ apologised for no reason &
he took a pale pink a matter of course.
Either there was his shaved white stretch on
her knee, in the middle the other room.
Damned bloody humbug. when I wanted to read.

- played a few bars of the National Anthem on the piano loyal.

Elvira,
But Elvira, said Chana: you are being unkind:

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A boy like that
Where was he educated?" Nicholas interrupted.
Perhaps Rugby: ~~Oxford a Cambridge~~: " Eleanor
was not sure.
"I see" said Nicholas. And after he had been to school
he went to College?" He spoke like a doctor,
questioning the relations of a patient.
"Yes." said Eleanor. "And then?" Nicholas pressed.
Then he went into his father's Chambers. My
brother is a barrister."
"I see" said Nicholas. "Then ~~have could~~ How can
you expect a boy ~~who is not so anyway~~
who has been educated like that, who is in no
way remarkable, who sees his friends do to the
war, who is rather bored by his profession,
who ~~is not~~ a ordinary English boy — was he that?"
Eleanor nodded: it struck her that Nicholas
spoke as them as if she were dead —
to take up an attitude that requires a great deal
of courage?"
Eleanor began to think. ~~He had been surprised by~~
~~Elvira's passion~~ contrast her thoughts, dulled by
Elvira's anger.
And after all, she said, was it natural,
Could you allow the Germans to invade us
do nothing?" She addressed Ronny at her side.
An extraordinary ~~expression~~ presence of impassivity came over
her face. ~~He seemed to contract~~ Could you? she
added, though she knew that the question
I? he said. I'm one of the ~~helpless~~ useless.
I would ~~for the government~~: I help ~~them to~~ make
I am a chemist. I help them to make shells".

he turned to Elvira —

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"I'm not ~~in~~ ashamed yet" he added. This obviously
the only thing to do: ~~at the present~~ moment

"I feel that too, said Eleanor. ~~The reason~~ The
grey ~~d~~ are these hills came back to her. "~~My~~
I love ~~the~~ English country" she added.
"No, no no. ~~That~~ is not what I mean." said Remy.
~~That became~~ He is French. the Huguenot reading for him to
break. I mean – but we have discussed this so
many times he added.
Maggie was changing the plates
Go. let me see how to you. she said, sitting down –
Yes. let me help them
If nobody fought, if we said to the Germans,
~~the right~~ come along, take it, if they took it, if
they found ... there is nothing that you can take –
which of course is a fact ... The ~~depths~~ Canned as
the Yanks ... nobody can possess anything – the
pound, can ~~of~~ the meat carefully. so that the
helpless should be equal –
What an extraordinarily interesting book the Bible is,
~~said~~ Eleanor interrupted. ~~We had the~~ The dead
~~look up to people who~~ to dreams, to wakes;
while the other bathed the lazy back, in allusions;
suddenly something wound her.
Speaking: She laughed. "as Nicholas would say.
Christ ~~was too in advance of all these~~
said that. ~~And~~ meaning, obviously;
love – she held up a look in one hand: love, the
repeated. Being in very great ignorance, what
he meant when he said love one another. –
for he had great reverence
I forget exactly how he knew.
only ~~freed~~ habeamus a freedom. the only
freedom is not to have our ways: for which
reason I mean King George. I would say,
Fighting for like, but that all be done in the

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Jack, without medals." But George didn't
[illegible] what I meant."

Yes it is. The argument is this, said Remy;
if we were to end war, if we were in the point
that the human species, people would be far more
unhappy than they are at present. If every man
& woman had five hundred a year, they would
not know what to do with it. Therefore let us
end the war as speedily as possible & then —
he sat silent.

"Educate ourselves" — Clayton breathed his relief
Remy said no more.
"And we can, we can" Nicholas burst out,
flourishing his knife & fork. Excitedly.
And as for I have a vote, said Sylvia, stuffing
bread & butter in her mouth, I shall do what I:
I shall buy a box of matches, I shall
strew one whole damp field outside Oxford.
Cambridge & what about my vote
burn down all colleges . . . both be men —
for women."

But you have not got a vote" said Maggie
That was mercy, she said.
"It is only a question of knowing ourselves:
"Psychologically speaking" Maggie used
the words as if they were a refrain; something
that Nicholas was in the habit of saying.
"That is quite true, Magdalene" said
Nicholas. [illegible] we live in a
society which does not fit" —
We do not know ourselves: therefore we
do not fit." Eleanor Pargiter was full
He smiled at Eleanor, acknowledging her word.
Education does not fit. [illegible] does religion

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dress not fit; wear dress not fit. And yet here we
are sitting round the table jetting quietly.
because we tell each other the truth, because we
know ourselves say what is in our mind." And yet" he
looked at Eleanor, "Eleanor Payne is an
Englishwoman: Rene is a Frenchman; Magdalena &
Elvira are partly Irish & partly Spanish; while I
am in my mothers side, Italy mean, on my
father's a pe Jew polish Jew."
"Maternelam st, thought Eleanor: she had been
wondering what nationality he was
And then I said to him" said Elvira, as if she were
going on with a story, "put your hat on the battery
Grand piano, but & tell the truth: what all
nonsense about, Killing Germans for the sake of
protecting women & children! Poppycock I said,
using the language of her magazine poor guard,
to help the poor boy to find himself, without
success. Because I said to myself, if he's come to
me wearing those ridiculous clothes I must
try to penetrate his disguise, with sympathy: by
means of psychology, Nicholas: putting myself in
the train into Brankin & train. That's what
done at my own. The same mad ardour that
I have shown (that way) way to buy those red
medals, no uniform. And I felt come over me
the feathery change: You remember, Maggie,
how Mama did it, putting her camelia to her
lips to redden under Ethel? Then I said
the feathery change ... " the laughed. clothed.
"You brute not to & Henry gravely upon his
neck" said Maggie.
"Yes, said Elvira. I loved him; poor
little Hamburg. He did not want to fight the

know ourselves

older
Grandfather
Green County

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German, but have been educated at Oxford & Cambridge, where they give money for Latin & Greek ... W[illiam] [illegible] what I'll do with it. I'll get a house in & have down both Governesses. "But to Governesses, as we'd been though at our attendes, we robbed in each of [illegible] said so long — [illegible] he has it a dogs chance. W[illiam] does this he says thinks an attitude, I get a degree & do what he says thinks another, & mean a Fellowship; & [illegible] robbed in each others arms & he said so long & went off."

I don't think most young men want to fight; but it's very difficult for them not to" said Eleanor.

"You should have had more self control Elvira" said Nicholas severely.

Ge. Ge. Ge. the uplifted unhappily; but you don't understand Nicholas, you ga Yes, the most [illegible] words: [illegible]; cheeres; so long. another [illegible] Hour) I am at the lower window to [illegible] Knight — who rides over the heath — to claim in an auld Gauld dyke. That I heard two Gentlemen making a man — where Zack I dare & dine to day. [illegible] The held out her hand.

So long, he said, Cheers waving his hand, & the [illegible] gave his brother a Shake. L — Adieu for ever adieu for ever

Ge. said Maggie the pained. "It's very difficult, being a woman. Ely behaves in a very silly irrational, undignified & sentimental way: but it's partly her Mamma's fault the mistake: her mother." said Nicholas. That was quite true, Eleanor thought; there

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was something in the Elverais features, a mood that reminded her perhaps vaguely of Eugenie, as if the to only she was a different that there was something ridiculous about it.

"Dearest Digby, how tired you look. Let me entreat you to take a seat, & tell me just what has been annoying you at the office today — Digby, my prince Consort, my — Sir Digby, of the Board of Trade, G.C.V.O. in a light frock coat looking like a fourth person. At three years old: never seeing the rest. And Penny that wonderful Maggie: Penny is Nell in a state of awful development. — he, with a perfect mass, a very interesting infant; for investigate Nicholas, because my sister, Fanny committed the unpardonable folly of having married a home two extremely lovely beautiful children has to adopt an attitude — She stopped & looked at her sister. Then at her brother in law.

Penny dear, she said, it would be very interesting if you would tell us the truth about your ~~marriage~~ the marriage that.

Yes.

I pushing my white thread off his brow. Things are very difficult at Buckingham Palace just now he moved my. or the foreign office party is at 9 tomorrow. Davis late Eugenie. And there the war, is fuck Envy Jem, I said in Fanny her brother Stan.

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"Yes Nicholas, but you dont understand —
She stopped. Her eyes were full of tears.
"He gave his head a shake, she said:
I went back into the sitting room, & saw the
chair where we had put them, & he gave his head a shake, adieu for ever more,
he said, adieu for ever more."

Yes it was very difficult for Eleanor.

"It was very difficult" said Eleanor.

"There are so many different feelings in us."

"But you should have had more self control,
Elveria. Nicholas retorted.

"But some are good & some are bad" said Nicholas.

"Oh yes, Elveria agreed; ~~I was a damned~~
~~hypocritical humbug~~; but to look at
fifteen minutes by the clock to send that out:
that & then only because I remembered mama,
& then only because I remembered mama,
extract you to set down & tell me what has
been annoying you at the office today.
Elveria threw her hand out just as Eugenie
used to. Eleanor remembered;
clown in an arm chair, in D. P. the
KERO in a tight frock coat, looking like a
bowler hat on a pale face, with his head
of his trousers. Remember Eugenie at the
7 O pack trays. Dead the lot dont be late.
And there she was in full array dressed dead in
front of the looking glass."

"Because you felt physically uncomfortable
at feeling a feeling so sentimental, so
disgusting as your feeling:
Nature Latterly

Yes it was very pleasant at first" said Elveria & then not so pleasant.

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provides a spectacle. When we feel bad feelings the less we know it: sometimes they send a headache: sometimes this merely a bitter toothache in the thighs, or the pains as if the nerves were standing erect. But many how truly in a distracted despondent ill tempered mood like Elveera's when she came in tonight. "And the poor young man was made ~~in the~~ same state. Will go back to the army. He will have no chance of recovery. You should have shown more self control."

"He's been at the front" said Lucy. "He's a doctor. He must take what he calls nonsense: — all these theories: talks nonsense:

"You've been at the front?" said Eleanor.

"said Nicholas, absent mindedly.

Ha ha ha

He was slightly peevish.

"It's women like you who make war possible Elveera he said. "Silly sentimental fools."

She saw faintly at the top of a tower, waving a white handkerchief to a Knight in armour..

"And the moon was risen" over the dark hills. the sentence.

"And was a nightingale singing?" Maggie agreed.

"No no no. There was a dark bird skimming close to the ground." And something moved in the wheat. I said to myself, What is the colour of a water lily in moonlight? And ....

the need of reality in that fact, would you?"

Nicholas agreed

"No such a big jolly stone" — that was No Nicholas. I said to myself I don't care about

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this scene. It's a sickly scene. It's a pasteur, wholly
holy covered scene: there no blood but, we hope
to see, the mother's rib.
Then you feel physically restless? melancholy!
(or than) made another scene. "I can't
go on
Dearly.
"~~Psychology is a~~ You pretend that psychology is a
scene" said Rene, addressing Nicholas, when this
a mere toy. You try to explain Elvira's feelings,
scientifically: "there is no explanation. I see a
Elvira ~~thanks you look~~; he sees a door slam & thanks go
walnut lady: she sees a chair & thanks of her father.
"I am collecting evidence for the what will be
the greatest most valuable of all scenes."
~~said~~ Nicholas obstinately
"Look go on, Elvira," said Remy. "What did
you think about next?"
She sat silent, perhaps. Eleanor thought, she was
offended. Remy had been rude to her, in a
brotherly way. at last she smiled.
"The devil fly away with you Rene, she said
at last, & may he dump you down on the
Peyhaut peak ~~the~~ Desert mountains in your
Dry ~~& windy~~ bleak & walnut land: He's
Come from a Frenchman" she said, addressing
Eleanor. a pure ameralgated Latin. Bred up
for thousands of years in the French peasant
aristocracy. Pure They have always owned a
white land; & folded up the same sheets
very carefully. for generation after generation.
Unmelegated, unperturbed, uncorruptible,
She looked at him as she spoke as if she read
his character from his face, the face of a mind
unperturbed by any thought & wondering how:

We all
remember Remy, already
but it isn't
a scene; it's
a toy.

Cut & that remember
you pretend to
make a scene.

Land, logical;

NYPL

from the Phoenix

an unlegalised

invaded by the travelling bees; who go from flower to flower, orchid, rose, dahlia & bramble too: There he sits & attempts to impose on me — the vain he thinks, who have lain open to every slit & tremor of the ~~unprotected~~ face, the solemn humbug like that. If you analyse a feeling you kill it. That explains why Penny is an ass; why Nicholas is an ass: They are both the most lovable & charming of men, the acid destroyed neither, would so with a gesture that ~~seemed~~ annihilated all the roses drinking bees to them; but ass: ass." Maggie, ~~men of education~~ privy ~~But~~ genius mixed up two parties. Elf "said Maggie: who had never been allowed. ~~The~~ ~~office party~~ was the night mama died. They used to go out to parties "the explained: ~~very father & mother~~. "There were regular parties: ~~because there Eleanor~~ And if you were in a government office you had to go to them. I remember coming back from one of those parties" I came up to the room at the top of the house where Elvira slept: she pretended to be asleep. humpback: It was extraordinarily beautiful. There were shadows in the garden; & artificial lights & the moon: as if you looked out of the window you saw an extraordinary mixture .... such I can't explain "the broke off. "There were the branches" the took up a fork, as if to: then there was the line of the garden wall: Then there were the houses behind, indistinctly Straight lines:

"When I was young I used to dance, Elvira
mamma, Everybody loved me when I was young
Roses & tuberosa hung over the balcony & in

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A waltz (Music) playing

bouquet was a heart shaped note. (That's my mother dancing) Round the room. Among the roses was a heart shaped note: ...

"She was wearing a green dress, with flowers in it" said Maggie. ~~The body she moved was so~~ Her ~~body~~ was rather heavy. The was ~~so graceful many.~~ over fatty tho. But her movements — the waved both her hands. as tho body were like ... — The curtains like a flag on the breeze, said Eleven: only entirely controlled. The sank down on the end of the bed: whereupon Jake called what about the bathroom door. Eleven. As the area door" said Maggie: There'd been a burglary up the street & She'd forgotten to have a lock put on.

And then ~~he~~ said Eleven began:

Yes, said Maggie: The bathroom door. The area door, the lock has been left off the area door. Tum tedde tum tum — Can't you Oh I can't remember the The Blue Danube? Eleanor suggested. A curious hollow sound echoed in the street outside. It's only a steamer on the river said Reny.

They all listened.

~~It was a waltz tune they were~~ How does a waltz tune go? They were dancing" As the twins tried to bring back the scene, ~~of them mother dancing~~, Eleanor saw Eugenie area now. The saw her free wild gestures. ~~A waltz~~ Not goes - how does it go! The Blue Danube ... "She tried to remember one of the tunes to which she had waltzed as a girl. A long drawn hollow sound wailed ~~out~~ in the air. "No, no" Eleanor ~~said~~ laughed, as if the

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the by accident some bosphorn on the wire had fried
to give her the note: then, in a second, the real said
they all listened.
"It might have been a bosphorn" the said
But the siren wailed again.
"Those damned Germans" said Renny.
There could be no doubt; it was the warning to
take cover.
"Those damned Germans" said Renny. They
all sat up.
"I must bring the children down" said Maggie.
Love two. She said something to her husband; he answered
went out of the room
Maggie, "If a bomb falls on this house we all
done for: he said. However "he left the room.
it won't make any difference" he said: but she
left the room. "I'll bring the children down into
the kitchen" he called. "Not that it makes any
difference" he followed her.
Eleanor got up & looked out of the window.
The Raid was plainly clear; the stars were
shining with extreme brilliance. The hound
a rush of wheels. A taxi drove by that.
Then very quickly. Then the head the pallor of
footsteps. Two men were walking very fast,
almost but as they reached themselves
from breaking into a run. A
taxi but—we look people in?" she said—
tentatively. But the men had passed. The
street seemed completely empty: all the lights
were out in the house opposite. "or to
turn out the lights? she said The looked
at the bayonets at table; they had sent
finished the meat. Nicholas Drew said
her knife & fork together neatly.

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"~~Be you afraid~~ Do you mind earwigs!" he asked her. "Some people do; some people don't."

"No," said Eleanor. "The chances ~~are so very~~ against her is so very slight. We sat down again. They will probably be here in about ten minutes" said Nicholas. At the word they heard a dull boom as a gun far away.

"That is some way off" he said "in the North": "It is more boring than frightening" said Eleanor. ~~They had been in these adventures abroad.~~

"It became as we were talking of something that interested us" said Nicholas. "And now we cannot think what to say."

They heard a shuffling on the stair.

"Here are the children," said Eleanor. "Ought we to help!" We all answer.

No, said Elvira: They put the children in the kitchen; we sit on the coal cellar; ~~so that~~ Magsie can be sure that is the bomb ~~safe~~ ~~over~~ drop; we shall all be killed at the same time. ~~That is what Nicholas calls "That is the natural moment" ~~not Nicholas~~~~ what Nicholas calls the natural moment: Or the word they heard the dull boom of a gun far away. Remy came in. "Magsie getting nearer" he said. "Come along." But they followed him out into the other passage: he Remy turned off the light. ~~They~~ The basement was dark, save for the glow of the fire in the kitchen grate. ~~They heard~~ In the red glow Eleanor could see Nicholas standed Elvira; the children, the stairs. The moved as quickly as possible. "In here" said Remy turned on the light in a large chamber on the right. It was part

When the bomb drops, Magsie is in the kitchen

Remy leaves the room

NYPL

Come there, Hum

Coal cellar, part wine cellar. ~~Kitchen chairs stood~~
"It all right; you can talk now" he said with
luck they'll keep straight tongs!"
he exclaimed. ~~Indeed~~ the Coal cellar had a
ugly cheerless forbidding look, with its
crypt like ceiling, arches & recesses. A light in the
centre shone on a heap of flattery coal; ~~a~~ on
two or three alcoves were packed with bottles
lying on their sides. ~~Remy~~ Remy had ~~had~~
brought there were some kitchen chairs; Remy
Elvira who had gone upstairs returned with
came in with her arms full of quilts & coats.
Then Maggie came in. She was carrying a
plate on which was a large plum pudding. She
helped them, as they sat in a circle with
on kitchen chairs, "We may as well finish our
dinner she said. Everything seemed to proceed with-
an orderly commonplace sense that was slightly
forced. She spoke with ~~a~~ assumed common sense,
Eleanor thought. She was anxious about the
children presumably.
Are they asleep? she asked,
"Yes" said Maggie. But if the gnes got much
louder, they may wake them"
Another gun boomed out; it was closer this time
They've reached London at last" said Nicholas.
They began to eat their plum pudding.
Maggie listened.
"The name of all nervous!" Eleanor exclaimed,
but she was not sure whether she ought not to
talk of something different.
"This is a candle, she's reading a book" said
Maggie
"What book?" Remy asked.

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"Some shelley shocker" said Maggie.
Thats just what it feels like" said Gloria.
"~~Feels unreal,~~ rather eerie: but feels unreal"
A gun boomed again.
~~Hark~~ Hamlethead I should say" said Nicholas.
They waited. There was silence for some time.
"This is a very magnificent cellar" said Eleanor.
It looked ~~very~~ almost as if it had been built to
stand a siege. Stone blocks of solid stone arched.
like the crypt of a church. Another gun boomed, overhead it seemed; Maggie
went into the kitchen.
Eleanor looked at Remy. Rather ostentatiously she
lifted her fork a mouthful of pudding.
Nicholas was looking at his watch as if he were
timing the guns. There was something sweet like
in her expression. Gloria sat quite motionless, looking
at her plate. The ~~Germans~~ Germans must be very close.
Eleanor told herself that at any moment
they might be killed. But she could not think
of anything appropriate to say, even to herself.
down Why did they seem so silly" she said. as if she were
apologizing to the self which had to utter such a
vision of sudden death.
"~~The~~ It's unpleasant ~~enough~~ alone" she
added. "~~The~~ queerly at the top of one's head."
She looked at Henley wondering what the feeling would be if the
~~stone arch suddenly toppled~~ First there would be a
~~roar of~~ a wondered what the feeling would be if the
bomb struck the house. There would be a roar of
wood, the ~~crash~~.
Again A gun roared very close. The
looked up. ~~The stone ceiling seemed~~ A cobweb was on
the ceiling. Perhaps it shook.
"Thats St James's Park" said Nicholas.
Or Westminster" said Remy.
It ~~was~~ There was dead silence.
They heard Maggie say in a worthy voice.

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"Turn over & go to sleep"
They waited. The gun boomed again. Much further away
~~Gone that~~ over." said Nicholas. "It's the
Crystal Palace now." They must have been
very close, though: I could hear the shrapnel."
I ~~did not think~~ I could hear the shell" ~~said Eleanor.~~
Guns boomed far away, dully, distantly.
Maggie came back.
~~He woke~~ He woke for one moment" she said.
But I think he's gone off again now." She sat down
Now we must all have a glass of wine" said
Renny.
Well I do think that is one of the most
disastrously exhibitions ~~of human~~ of human
incompetence ~~I have ever~~ I have ever seen" said Eleanor.
You were frightened ~~Eleanor~~," said Nicholas. "You
went pale whilst"
But I ought to have fainted" said Eleanor
~~They all had felt~~ Eleanor noticed that they all
shifted their positions on their chairs, as if
they had been sitting in ~~an uncomfortable attitude~~
~~of strain~~ an uncomfortable attitude.
They were very close that time" said Nicholas.
You could hear the shell."
"~~That the Crystal Palace~~" said Renny.
Negus going away ~~even that now~~." said Eleanor.
"I wonder if they did much damage"
~~may have killed a cow, or~~
Renny shrugged his shoulders.
You can't tell, flying at that height, in the
dark," he said.
"It seems a ~~little~~ pointless, doesn't" she said.
Maggie came in, & sat down —
"Now we can finish our pudding" she said

"

Eleanor thought the aeroplane hardly justified the Cyprus policy, but let this pass

NYPL

"He woke for one moment, but he's fast asleep now" she said. — I suppose we must ~~not have told~~ wait until we hear the all clear"

"Now we will all have a glass of wine" said Benny.

"I think" That was ~~not the word~~ a very appropriate & characteristic remark considering the circumstances I have ever heard said Elvira.

"You were frightened" said Nicholas. "You were quite white — at one moment — when the Guns were over head."

"That I ought to have felt much more than I did but" she said. "that just what I was thinking" said Eleanor. And yet we might have been killed in next moment" she said, ~~taking~~ holding her glass up to Benny, who stood over them, with a bottle of wine: They had made an old box into a table. On it they stood their glasses — the wine bottle. They sat round in a car circle, with the coal making an avalanche of blackness behind them. ~~wrapped in~~ Jimmy & Eleanor wrapped in quilts & overcoats looked ~~as if they were~~ a ~~something~~ Gipsies they looked ~~something~~ like a company of old men sprawling round a huddled over the box they ~~looked~~ camp fire; or a circle of witches brewing some midnight potion, or — Maggie, raising ~~could not~~ her finishing her plum pudding, ~~we could not~~ be ~~were what~~ looked at them, & held out her glass to ~~what~~ Certainly Eleanor, ~~was~~ abbearance had been greatly improved by the plain blue Jimmy gown which hid the foolish white ornaments, the tabs of velvet & Gold brocade, which ~~the~~ ~~car~~ he wore. the

~~wash~~ against the background of the bare cellar was lit with the

to paragraph to Benny

Do ~~I~~ dare I wake the baby? She just stirred — I don't think she heard it"

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& then the wound come out with more rattles, yet random remark.

necklace ~~of~~ pearl that hung on from
from her neck. Like all the Payeten, she improved in
appearance as she grew older. ~~The~~ middle aged ~~she was~~
her face was ~~wrinkled, but~~ ~~went in a~~ fuller of
wrinkles; ~~of~~ the flesh had gone soft- here, was rich
there; ~~the mouth~~ but it was much more
expressive than it used to be. ~~more~~ & entirely
without self consciousness. She had a way of
wrinkling her up her forehead. ~~& then~~ & then all the
~~wrinkles~~ went. She had a way of opening her eyes.
Also, before she spoke, she would ~~pause~~ hold her lips
tight for a few moments. She looked ~~pretty~~
~~in case~~. rather like an old Abbess, sitting on her
Kitchen chair holding her glass of wine in her hand
~~with a chuckle as she said~~
"You look like an Abbess, Eleanor" she said
"I'm afraid I'm very untidy" ~~said~~ Eleanor
replied, her hand going automatically to her
short crop of hair.
"Please don't" ~~said Eleanor~~ "You look so
~~pretty~~ don't. don't.
But what were we talking about before the
~~word~~? " ~~They~~ She tried to remember.
"about – about –" the memory of what they
had been saying had gone completely. "~~I~~ said
"~~I~~ we were all afraid, up to a point" said
Nicholas. "~~I~~ we should remember what we
were saying."
"I expect it was great nonsense" said Rose.

Most talk is:
~~The thing~~ people don't say are very
interesting "said Elvira. "~~And that is~~ The
real heart of talk – is ~~not~~ people then say what
they don't say. ~~Hardly~~ And what they don't say

said Elvira,

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is what they are: what they are — that may be very interesting: although whether it has any importance, seems to me, after the night's discussion, extremely doubtful. Does it matter, in your opinion, the fact to Eleanor, what human beings are? Human beings, do they matter at all! Men — women, would it be better to drown them? What is the King If I were King George I'd Lancer I'd send for one large bucket; line up my people on either side; I say Jump in: which both armies, being luckily trained, would do: & then there would be left about 24 people in Each country who might come together, say at Hyde Park Corner, & ~~create a new world~~ embracing each other with rapture, create a new world". He waved his hand. They all felt a desire to laugh, talk. The door shut the kitchen door "said Maggie- I went & came back.

~~Eleanor exclaimed~~

"What is the new world going to be like Renny?" said Eleanor after the war

"There'll be a revolution" said Renny.

In England? said I can't believe it."

My dear friend, said Nicholas, "you are all labouring under a great mistake. You think that war is of some importance; whereas the truth is that it is of no importance at all. None whatever" he said slapping his hand down on the box.

"Several millions are being killed" said Eleanor.

Yes, my dear Eleanor: several millions are being killed; ~~but several millions are~~ human misery is a terrible thing: but as we all have all agreed ~~that it is~~

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~~That it did not matter in the least.~~ as we
only as we did not find them the least terrible
until August the 4th 1914; as we all enjoyed
ourselves in perfect comfort while ~~besides~~ in
millions were suffering far more terribly than
they suffer on battle field: to say that the war is
terrible seems to me ..... be hemmed for a word.
hysterical; ~~cheap; to common; vulgar.~~
when you say that there will be a new world
after the war. I say to say that the war is
terrible; and, as it came for a moment
second; as it came ~~a~~ a moment when
people were psychologically unthrow. non existent,
we are not going to learn anything from it,
~~because we do not know ourselves.~~"
There will be no new world." Until we are
educated. But we can educate ourselves,
that ~~I fiercely believe~~" we can educate
ourselves; we can educate ourselves;"
He repeated the sentence with emphasis, as if he had
come to an end of his vocabulary. He sat silent
staring at the ~~carpet~~ floor: he stabbed his wife
on the wound which the wine
of what remained of the wine
Yes, said Eleanor; I have always thought
that are the sheets where I'm a how destitute
up in Notting Hill - a where you live, clever, of the
Waterloo Road; I've always thought the live people
live them; the women always hang children;
never enough to eat; & never for three four years.
but all the live; in rooms where you can't
wonder keeps a day: that's far worse & infinitely worse
That's why ~~for war.~~ That's why ~~they~~ the war:
has been such a godsend: they enjoy the war:
war is possible. It's so much better for most
people than the live they are ready: the
women can feed their children: the men get
excitement, ~~fresh air.~~

But that's why

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And Renny gets Alsace-Lorraine" said Elvira.
But what the hunt-ay getting Alsace-Lorraine is,—
She stopped. The guns had ~~already~~ ceased. They were
beginning again, ~~They were~~ still but they were still
far away. ~~The German has~~ What has happened is
that one of the German ~~air~~ aeroplanes has been unable to
land its way through the barrage. He has turned
back. The whole thing must now begin over again;
unless he is shot down before he reaches us."
Or the Turkish have mistaken our Government for the
enemy" said Maggie. That ~~what happened~~
happens sometimes."
But through the guns ~~firing~~ went on firing. It was
in the distance.
But Renny, do you want Alsace-Lorraine?" said
Eleanor.
He did not answer. Again the mark the had
noticed before came down over his face. ~~He looked at~~
~~Eleanor looked~~
"Yes, he does" said Maggie, as if speaking
for him. "He had an uncle, who had an
aunt, a Roman farm was burnt by the German
in whatever year it was."
"1870" said Elvira. "And I had a
grandmother, who a great grandmother. I forget
which; it was very sorrowful of the French in the
year 1812; but being a woman of some sense
She said, Take my body—by all means; only
give me a pearl necklace instead; which is what
Maggie & I are living on at the present moment.
The wages of sin. Now Sunday miseries come
along, says Mrs Payden, your aunts
& the Sunday inspectors says my brain are out
of order; & I want to see the Isle of Skye: what
do I do. Breathe over a pearl. Sponsor at the

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the Jewellers. But what does Remy say? The body is all; the body is all; there is no such thing as the spirit. Save me, Marian Larraway.

Marian. Never dear Remy, who believes in the body, but not in the soul, ...

Eleanor felt on a flash that she understood why Maggie had married Remy.

"He is an extraordinarily lovable man" she said to herself; feeling that he was safe & deep & contradictory safety: ~~a heathen who she thought~~ him: He was very ~~though~~ she had been puzzled by him at first; by his reserve; her dignity; his superiority; his extreme complexity; now all was ~~at sea~~ solved by a feeling of affection & sympathy for him.

"I have a great feeling for my country" he said stubbornly.

"And I have absolutely none" said Maggie. ~~I think of all~~ ~~In fact I don't understand what you mean Remy.~~

Are you sure that Magdalena?" said Nicholas.

"Quite sure" she replied "I think its pathetic I think its dreadful. I think its barbaric. Here we are retiring in a coal hole" she said. They could still hear the Jews booming away in the Fortuna.

"Make very interesting" said Nicholas. "You get two women like Magdalena & Elvira" he continued; "who are absolutely uneducated; they have received nothing from their country from the institutions of their country; they cannot inherit titles; they cannot vote; they cannot practise professions; they are kept purely as slaves for the breeding of children: & that has abolished all feeling & patriotism."

system of serv

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Therefore I would seem — . . "

Eleanor interrupted

I don't altogether agree" she said. "My brother Rose, was actually in person at the outbreak of the war.

(Rose, Elvera explained, is a very fine fellow, who smashed the Prime Minister's plate glass window as he was returning a Stephen work of golden Verse — The fragments fell on the sacred head of my Lady, Take that woman away, put her in gaol, he said to the footman who stood behind him with a face as grim, for I don't believe in force. She wanted a vote)

when Pitt rolled up

Well Rose

She went straight to the war office, Eleanor continued, & offered her services. "I don't know anybody who is more patriotic" Because she wants to get a vote" said Maggie. That's what Nicholas is saying: that what patriotism is: getting something."

And we don't mind whether it means a seat Grandmother gave her body to the French Duke in the year 1812, & left enough jewels to live on. But how we're going to live when the money's all spent, paying for Johnnie's prep school . . . The jews are wounded far away. They cried early just the head now.

"I wish he'd get into their cellar & go into the dirty room" said Nancy.

"Yet she had no education either"

"Yes, poor Maggie Rose is living a cat What is it

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and yet she has had no education"

"That is very interesting" said Nicholas. "But ... he
she hesitated. ~~You will not think me offensive~~, I am
sure I do not know your title. ~~He must~~
She may be one of those very rare people, whom we
meets perhaps twice in a lifetime - who act
disinterestedly: a the type of Shelley - ~~or she may~~ "....
not no, in
Eleanor laughed. "Rose is ~~not~~ a the type of
Shelley. She's a very active, resolute, straight forward, un-
like
(very like Uncle Abel) said Maggie
who
~~She~~ ~~could not~~ have been a ~~sea~~ captain; ~~or~~
She would have made an admirable country
gentleman" or
Reding about the cheek an a stout cob" Elvers
added. "Hullo ~~my friend~~ ~~Reading~~ to the
"~~Where is that fellow that~~ dancing
little city jests who ~~just~~ know the them & so heard
from the ~~sea~~: & throwing coffee a ~~bobby~~ whiteheaded
boys who hold on when the sail. Here you little urchin!
Stem; Take that & learn to blow your nose.
with a very red face, Maggie added, & a buff
coloured waistcoat; "~~I think~~
In that case, said Nicholas, she is probably
enjoying the war, because it gives her a chance of
developing faculties which in peace, ~~therefore~~
would ~~not only~~ remain undeveloped, & ~~therefore~~
Came her considerable physical discomfort." was
she happy before the war?"
Eleanor considered. a curious rather hesitating ... Eleanor
"There was always
began
Let's get out of this cellar & go upstairs." said
Reny. "~~I believe~~ it all over."
They listened again ~~They could~~ only a very

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They heard only a distant confusion, like the breaking of
waves on the shore, miles away.
"All right, I'll tell Cindy" said Maggie.
They all rose, stretching themselves, & stumbling,
over their feets, & Jemmy yawns.
"Hey diddle diddle, the cats the fiddle, the cow" — the
Elvira recited, as they went up the kitchen stairs; the butler
But that's not it. "I came from dreams of thee, &
a spirit in my feet has led me, who knows how,
to thy chamber window, sweet." That's more like it;
But Eleanor." she said, putting her arm round her
cousin as they went into the drawing room, "you must
remember how a waltz time goes."
The piano. "Play" she said.
"It's an age since I touched a piano" said Eleanor
sitting down. And Maggie must take me to play on
her piano." one ought to play on other peoples
piano."
No no. It is the piano the
donkey play on when he's tired of braying: Remy
recalls hearing from the Master making shrieks by
playing Bach, with two fingers of the left hand."
Well, I'll try" said Eleanor.
She played a few bars of an old waltz; but she
stopped, conscious that the others had come in &
were standing behind her.
What an astounding power music has!" said Nicholas.
Even a few bars of a worthless tune."
Maggie turned on a light or two. The fire was
fire was burning, brightly. The room looked large,
spacious, comfortable, after the coal cellar.
They could hear the noise moving about in the
room overhead, but only the children to bed ago.
"They didn't mind the raid?" Eleanor asked,

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1912

they down on the rocks by the fire with Maggie.
"It's so difficult to tell with very small children: what they
~~what do they notice? what does they notice?~~"
Jasper's two or three months is only a year &
two months suppose. They heard the guns, ~~in their sleep I suppose~~
I suppose: ~~but only~~ in their sleep."
And they will dream of them all their lives," said
Elverer. "Terrible dreams. Or beautiful dreams.
Or will they perhaps have very jolly dreams?
"~~Short dreams are silly~~," said Maggie. "I dreamt last
night that I had gone to a party in my nightgown:
& I woke up & found that the quilt had
fallen onto the floor."
said Maggie
"I dreamt last night that I had gone to a party"
said Rory "with holes in my socks."
~~This a great thing~~ her head
Maggie ~~pulled her~~ dipped into a turnout & began to
dam ~~the rocks~~ prepared to dam the rocks.
"What were we talking about in the cellar?" she
asked. "Patriotism?" Love, war, politics,
patriotism?"
men stepping on
wooden shell
into the
heel of the
rock
We were saying that Rose drives an ambulance
~~on the~~ to the amazement of the natives.
~~The~~ the French see Rose coming they say...
said the Elverer. And Nicholas says she is not
patriotic because she drives an ambulance."
was that?" she asked rather ~~pleased~~ to hear
~~Called her~~ that she had called him by his Christian name.
But he had called her Eleanor: & she had not heard
what his surname was. "Oh thank you so
much" she said, taking the cigarette he offered her.
"That is just what I was looking for." She
noticed that his ~~finger~~ fore finger was stained deep
yellow. He smoked manfully.
"Have a cigar Eleanor" said Remy, getting
up & fetching a box.

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a cigarette, is a marvellous little substitute make-shift
But what'll he take?" she said, She let him step off the
bed & placed it, rather gingerly, in her mouth.
"There may be such an emotion as a pure & disinterested
passion for one's country" said Nicholas. "All I can
say is that I have never met with it." Never,
never never."
But then what passions are disinterested!" Clara
retorted, taking a puff at her cigar.
"Magdalena's for her children" he replied.
For what other reason after all, did we set on the
Coal Cellar, when we should have been so much
happier in the dining room; Except that we
felt - I profound unrest; mixed with pity, mixed with
love But when Magdalena said I wish to
die with my children we all felt the same
we have paid for rage that, the hair, nothing to
Sam by rage that. Although she's a very
silly thing to say. Therefore we went into
the Coal Cellar.
"I'm very sorry Nicholas" said Maggie. "But I
can't help it!" It's the maternal instinct."
a It's a thing to struggle against with all your
might." Clara exclaimed. It's a horrible thing,
it's a terrible thing." because it's a terrible
thing, the maternal instinct, but very beautiful I
think. Maggie holding the baby in her arms."
saying; with the tears running down her head, & that
nothing on earth - go to sleep" - & saying
Come here, poor pet, Come here poor pet." That is
how I knew that she was in love with you,
Ben. The night the King died.
"They were calling out in the street, a man
went by with a barrow" said Maggie.
"But in a hundred years the world had it much

he looked at Maggie.

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len " said Nicholas.
I feel stronger len than my mother felt at 25 ah " said Maggie. Nothing would induce me to have more than two children —
" And we are not going to let our children depend upon us " said Reny: " we are not going to leave them. we shall devote up the family fortune, if there is any left — which will then be extremely small " said Maggie — " & we shall drive home out of the house. Stop [illegible] he continued,
But really family feeling is a very valuable thing ?" said Eleanor. She again drawing. She noticed the richness the flavour, compared with a cigarette.
" Very valuable " said Elvira. The only education I ever had was that I hated my father. A man who jotted completely
The Duchess about to take for the foreign office party. And also, the Duchess doesn't see fish knives a man who jotted completely Nicholas. The man who is responsible for the European war. The man who believed, actually believed Eleanor, that it is an honour to be given a degree by one of our universities And called himself Lord Derby Payen K.C.V.O. K.C.M.G. K.G. K.P. M.P. D.C.L. & L.L.D. "
" He was very handsome, in a holy light " said Maggie.
You have only to make a law, said Nicholas, Elvira is very that war shall be carried on in complete privacy: without the newsboys; without honours; without monuments; without
— these damned newspapers " said Reny "
which really women like Elvira fling themselves upon George's neck & raging —
" Protecting chastity ." Elvira suspected " as it

we have taught them to call them names, When a person shame)

surrounded when hall nothing would bother him by.

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2 giving white feathers to the men who are really courageous
and red roses to the men who are cowards" Clovis added,
"only mine was a lily"—

"And you would have no more war."

Eleanor puffed at her cigar. She did not make her feel
sick. On the contrary it filled her with a balmy
feeling of content & rest. She felt at ease; leisurely
contemplative:

"I'm afraid they're very expensive?" she said to
Remy. "That's why you've given me a cheap one." he said.
"No. I keep them for beginners" he said.

"You would have no more war." she repeated
the last Nicholas' last words. Ponderingly.
But without some sort of reflection would
people do anything Remy? she asked. He interested
her very much: she wanted to make him talk
"Can you remember what Lord Salisbury said when he
had to form a ministry? Feeding they at the Zoo"
merely reminded him of? "I wonder" she speculated "I doubt that that was
true as Gladstone, or Parnell."

My dear Eleanor, it's always true, of all politicians
said Remy. "They'd rather [illegible] that what
you don't suppose that a man
makes men politicians" he said.
you doubt them that any politician really love his
country disinterestedly?" I mean, would
work without the sort of privilege, the sort of
patronage. That's why my office?
I don't think that was true of Gladstone, or Parnell" she
said.

He is not altogether to blame" said Nicholas.—
a young man, just entering politics. He may start with

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the most sincere conviction but then his brother comes to him & says, Look here old chap — the inclination of English Society was so comes that Eleanor ~~Cooper & laughs~~ smiled — "it would be very convenient to me, Nicholas proceeded, to have that little post, ~~under the~~ for which I am admirably fitted ~~by~~, as anybody else; which may be true:" the Duchess of ... the Duchess of ... & says "Come & dine with us. Just among friends ... & he has never dined with a Duchess before ... & the footmen all wear wheat waistcoats & pluck trousers. Eleanor & he says ~~perhaps~~ to himself Pitt was Prime Minister ~~when he~~ was 27: & in short — "he held out his hand & pronounced. "This is the fault of the system." Gold lace on a hot summers night ~~and~~ merci Power, he said Eleonora added, power of Mrs Papoler, & he turned to the lady on his right who was all covered with diamonds. ~~Send the little Oxford boy, the~~ & wretched little man from Oxford, says, what did the toads, say Maggie, whereupon the toady, ~~Oh he that he always~~ used mutton ~~before breakfast~~. on his back. — "I dont think Gladstone was like that" said Eleanor. She looked at her cigar. Penny, thought he looking was. had blown a perfect ring now.

How do you do that? she asked. He did again. ~~Shook~~ a perfectly formed ring & which smoke hung for a second in the air. She tried to imitate him. but without success. Suddenly they heard a a clear ~~Flute~~ like sound ~~broke~~ rang out in the street below.

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what on earth – Maggie exclaimed, stopping the work needle

"It's the boy scouts" said Benny. "The 4th Class. The record is over."

Well we knew that some time ago, said Maggie. Now they'll wake the children." The bugle sounded again more loudly under the window. When they heard them dying away down the street Benny went to the door. almost directly afterwards they heard again the hooting of cars & the rumbling of wheels, as of traffic had been allowed, & the ordinary life of the night began had begun again.

"What getting late?" said Eleanor. She looked at the coat lying on the sofa, as if the night to go. "It's exactly thirteen minutes past ten" said Nicholas, looking at his watch.

"On January 14th 1917" said Eleanor: "you can't even see the day of the month right" said Benny.

"But it 1917?" Eleanor asked. "not that it matters. Not that it matter at all. I had to teach a child English history. I should begin by saying, date don't matter. And a accent don't matter. In French, and only very few facts matter. Very few facts matter. I should say it's were Lecturing to a vast assembly of human boys, collected to hear the words of wisdom that flowed from my lips, standing up on a platform in a great hall. What matters, I should say, thinking an attitude, is ... Go on

Nicholas, the audience is getting impatient, Eleanor" said Eleanor.

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"~~Let~~ Tell us - you -" said Elvira, looking at Eleanor, who fell suddenly nervous: she felt heavily ~~getting at~~ blushy: it was ridiculous.

"I'm not an interesting person" she said. "I used to cook myself." She rose heavily pushing her teeth: again, she saw herself very slowly down stairs: its all so hopelessly jugglesby I had to: & ever, — how odd the mind is! — I see before me a dog bowl with a lump & nelsphon in it: & I'm raging to myself, something about love & money: & I seem to be on the verge of revelations: & then I go upstairs (& wear the right mama died) & I say wildly with absolute conviction: That's the secret: But I couldn't put them to words: It's so ordinary. "That's why." she sighed, "It's done so little" I think that's what matters, she said after a pause: not to mix up love & money." Only me, I come" she added. Am I, Elvira?" she asked. Another thought struck her.

Perhaps that's why — one always tries to find & cause for anything — but I never felt so strongly as Eleanor felt; ~~they said~~, & so did Bobby — my brother; ~~the~~ — about politics: ~~vote for women~~; Gen re, the ~~England~~ to Victorian families. And we all took different views. Mechelen, my family is one of those large And my brother went to school & college; & my sisters stayed at home. And I remember thinking, when there was all that talk about ~~women~~ education, — one of my sisters, wanted to go to college having rather wouldn't let her — a mans education is all mixed up with money. That's wrong. One of my brothers, she explained, was very brilliant boy. He got all sorts of prizes: He's a fellow of his college." said "He translated Yokhoeles into rhyming verse Elvira.

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But then of course if men have to make their livings?"
she stopped. "Now Remy." she repeated.
"My dear Eleanor, I have nothing whatever to say." said Remy.
A remedy which combats lower ~~animal~~ people to put us
a coal cellar while German Englishmen try to
kick each other overhead is obviously so childish
that ~~an educated man ought to~~ we ought to —
~~draw another.~~ that there is nothing to be said —
But we can educate another; we can, we can
said Nicholas. He spread out his hand.
~~What matter is this, he said.~~ Gloria asks ~~us to~~
~~say~~ what matter: I say this is what matter:
He touched the first finger: Eleanor reflected with
alarm that he had ten; in the first place,
we are now ~~yes~~ even remedy involved. Eleanor
talks of 'education'. The nineteenth century was
the age of the ~~the~~ specialist. The men were educated in
one way; to make money; the women in another,
to bear children. The result is the war. (with unobtrusive meaning
Exclaim that lady.) The war has no ~~meaning~~
~~because we have not had~~ what worse. The war
is simply naughty children letting off fire works in
the back yard. But now we say to us
to answer. Look here Eleanor Remy Magdalena,
Clover, this time to grow up; I, Nicholas,
~~say to you, to know yourselves.~~ You
~~taught at me.~~ "
You ~~said~~ stranger, ~~we think~~ you have
~~every~~ told you what matter; this to
develop not this faculty which makes
money, not that faculty which breeds
children: this to develop the whole
soul. the whole body.

not education, but

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at present rudimentary organism which has in it the seed of [illegible] – the human [illegible] which we know nothing, or next to nothing."

But how? said Eleanor. "You had children how would you send them to college?"

Poor Elsie Pagett, said Elwin; her parents spent two or three thousand on his education: a [illegible] a decent start in life. "A decent start in life. A decent start in a decent sheep" a decent start in mud coloured clothes. a man who sees [illegible] through eyes altogether correctly.

Mystery, my words."

The soul being of course, the all our faculties. the soul being a brain (they are mixed). Well." he paused. His pale cheeks had worked curiously. He frowned as if he could not find words.

How can I make this plain to you?" he said. But I will try. The soul grows by, proceeding in rings like these you see in water when a stone has fallen. The only way in which we can educate ourselves, at the present moment (when we are so immature, so barbaric [illegible] chiefly ourselves as Remy says for a [illegible] land) is not to impede those rays: when we [illegible] to let them spread. When we [illegible] the soul [illegible] this is right, not knowing what is right we intercept the soul; when we give a purge to the soul, – say a peerage, say a dreadnought or [illegible] a [illegible] unconsciously; when we freeze the soul: we fetter the soul; [illegible] The soul reveals the same rhythm again & again & again: like a [illegible] like a [illegible] of a gramophone which has stuck. whereas we want the soul to sweep" he swept his hand round & round & round – to expand – meaning together

new par
Corbett is coming up the [illegible]

& Maud aside

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Everything, always adventure, always experimenting. For
And then we get a that creates it in other boys:
boy And we should forms new combinations, "I":
he do not want the emphasis laid on
whereas now, he do not want the
emphasis laid on "I." "I" is
And that is what is wrong with education as it
to-day. The emphasis is laid on I; & the soul
cannot bear being "I". The soul shrinks.

He seemed his The nose seems always up into a horrid little ....
last step in to He stopped, unable to find a word—
a fight back- But if people have eyes to see then they
Eleanor asked: Roughly speaking, the added,
a degree, as however, My brother, the added,
"Then the pig is to be held responsible, whatever
The animal is that Nicholas" cant I find a
word for it said Maggie" horrid little —
shrieked, I screwed up, —little I mean!
There are no words for what I mean
Nicholas exclaimed. None whatever!
If people have not Language in its infancy. Language is the
eyes then they Ask me how. I cannot say what I feel. But
can't see. they I feel it! It was all tenses & contortions.
have ears then I can see it, I can touch it, I cannot say it."
they can't hear. French is always said to be such a beautifully
The eyelids, the Clear & logical language for explaining things. said
nose, the mouth, Eleanor.

My dear Eleanor, said Nicholas, if I had the
whole French. the whole English German. the whole lot
Languages & my fingers & toes I could not say
what I mean" said Nicholas. But we
small, he went on; in time to come we shall
when the soul has learnt to sweep everything

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everything into one rhythm, forming new wholes, — but what does that mean to you? - nothing whatever - then there will be born a language, which will be music, poetry, & dancing. Whereas now we are ~~either in letters, forms~~ each other
~~as like this~~ " he drew himself up, primly, & ~~say~~, putting his feet neatly together, ~~& say~~ ~~he~~ is in our separate cubicles, each with his own little Cross, or Holy book - each with his own ~~stool~~ ~~dog chair mat : stool : fire, mantelpiece, waste : work~~; minding his own work ...
But we have to learn our lines - Eleanor repeated, nothing that was more her stock answer was becoming enchanted
when all the time, Nicholas continued, eager, her
no attention, I know you know we all know
pour the remains ~~in cans~~ at the back of our
necks up our thighs - he touched his body
lightly - that this is an outrage to the soul;
that the soul cannot such treatment - long to
be allowed, say for three hundred years,
ah - & that what - for you? - and the
flick of a liquid tongue - to be allowed
freely, obscurely, anonymously in which to
grow. ~~what was that book you were~~
~~reading yesterday~~ Elvira?"
he turned to Elvira. She had fallen last
asleep, ~~& was~~ ~~with her~~ in the corner of the ~~sofa~~
resting on the ~~sofa~~ cushion
~~Eleanor got up.~~ He took her hand very gently.
gently, as if Tell me Elvira, what was the
book? She woke with a start.

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at the sound of her name.

~~I was fast asleep~~, " she said; I had been dreaming - I
the sad young king. " Nuh
Us time to go " said Eleanor. She looked at her
watch. It was eleven. She got up.
" You were reading a book two days ago, when I came to
see you, Elvira, " said Nicholas. He addressed her,
as if she were a child. " And you ~~said to me, that if~~
~~when I came in~~, you said, read a passage, a
sentence from that book aloud, " you said
I wish I had written that. " Psychologically
Cheeky, Nicholas. " for Elvira makes much of me
always, that is my fun. what was it? "
I was reading a book. I was reading a book when you
Came in, Elvira began, But I'm so ~~sorry~~, Nicholas;
so ~~tired, I am so sleepy~~, ~~I'm sure you know what I was~~
~~I was~~ two days ago.
" And there was a bowl of red flowers on the table; a
a - what do you call them things? - long thin
fingers with blue lights in them? " for candles? -
~~Oh yes, I remember~~
" you said. on the table by the bed? "
" She was standing, Elvira was began. on the
Greek hill side, & the horsemen had galloped
away & then were clouds & were dim. It was moonlight;
& his pale & red flowers were grey white
Cheeks & the earth.
sunpolicemen ~~and~~ & then & when " ~~I think~~ to
& Creon said, Go within. ~~And Creon said~~
& that her up in her tomb. Very like the
old man in good bad. Magic Creon.
the ring that I made of our rulers. Creon.
whereupon I shut the book, & said to

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Ocean, I threw them from [illegible]. That was what he said. The night the key dies, want to Maggie; I said to Rose -- The years round, laughing, as [illegible] trying to warm them.

That is the feeling" cried Nicholas at the bath this time; when the vessel rip and he threw up his hand. when it contract. He made a noise like a dog slowly.

I wish I had heart feeling cried Eleanor. She took her coat.

Yes, yes. yes, cried Nicholas, That is just enough. That is what I was trying to say: Were born to Love, not to hate: Hence the sensation Grrrrr he made a noise like an [illegible] rusty brake - hat which is hatred: & the sensation - he like an [illegible] beamed all over & made a sort purring noise - which is love. "Look all my nerves are relaxed: I am [illegible] my nerves are relaxed: I am happy: I am warm: I am at rest: And in that state alone can I create" Yes. because in that state the rays spread, forming new combinations - new patterns. new ideas: [illegible] such is time to go." He

"Yes. said Eleanor, "I've got a long way to go". The Tube will be crowded." Suppose the buses were as usual, in what she said? she asked Remy put down the paper.

"Better let me call you a cab" he said.

"I really prefer walking" she said. "And it's cheaper." She looked at for a moment to get looking at the fire. "How long you may get such a wonderful fire? she asked. In my flat I've only got gas. & that's been cut down lately:

"I met a man with a barrow" said Maggie.

wood? coal!

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I made eye at him. "~~Barbary & Corruption~~.
Barbary & corruption" said Remy. "Wow."
"My dear Remy" said Nicholas, "you [illegible] seriously ..."
He picked up the [illegible] newspaper which Remy had been reading:
"Remy reads six papers every day" said Maggie.
"I can't stop" he replied. "well" they do for lighting the fires"
he said.
"I ~~find~~ do that too" said Eleanor. "I ~~read~~ buy can't stop
~~a newspaper~~ myself I ~~go out~~. ~~begin never taken~~ ...
But they never have anything to say. I took the
Heat & glanced at it .. "~~Is going to last~~
another year?" the ~~And there no news~~ ... the
But when you see people standing in queues hour
after hour waiting to buy half a pound of
margarine ..." said Remy. He produced a
Have you read this?" glass tube filled with white pills: "the latest
substitute for sugar" he explained.
"Are these Maggie" said Remy. "the German before they starve us"
"Then children are dying like flies" said Remy.
"Uncle Abel just shot off a few shells" ~~said~~
Maggie: "~~That didn't matter~~ ~~mean~~ ~~to~~ the
~~Hun~~ ~~Harvey~~ ~~said Maggie~~ this war ~~I hate~~ —
few shells. said Maggie. Uncle Abel just shot off a
Yes they're is their meanness; ~~lies, hypocrisy~~;
~~Harvey~~ ..." she stopped.
But the German mother is extremely prolific"
Maggie, said Remy.
~~And I said to Cleon~~" said Gloria, "
"And I shut the book & said to Cleon ...

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damn your insolence, Creon being the very whited
image of the old man you sat next at dinner thaggie
two thousand years ago. But what are two
thousand years! The flicker of a legend eye lid-
some. Time to come; what time matters thaggie:
became I met a man at dinner the other night
who said to me, Time to come is all Cleopatra's needle:
& this – how true to the ladies about us in every time,
the footmen in whose trousers, is but a rose leaf
on the top. But Rose, thou sharp thorn, being gone;
Gather ye rosebuds while ye may. Anyhow, like a
red red rose, that newly sprung in June. Oh this fair
That's far on that log, maggie. That's why it
burns so."
ye it would paving "she said." Part of the
Brompton Road. Call that a rose leaf & said:
that for,
I should not mind women painting their faces" said
maggie. "They did it well.
"In my mother time." said Eleanor, we were
powder was allowed; but not paint. As for
"And cigarettes, she smiled, I should have
been turned out of the house if my father had caught me
smoking one. And now – Remy see has given me
a cigar.
"I'll send you a box of them again" said Remy.
Maggie cheap."
"You're dead mind women Your How they have
changed! in twenty years! the
You know Eleanor used to sit at a large
round table pouring out tea; & the kettle would not
boil; & she'd take out a hair pin; & say to this
Cranly upset on the hot cakes; & Eleanor said,

NYPL

present

Crosby said, I'll have them the kitchen fire, then: & Eleanor said No sense may a wedding present. You can't have a mother at the kitchen fire she said: or the whole sanctity of marriage would be dissolved; whereupon Uncle Albert came in, when he heard what they were talking about, & when he'd cut off the head of a blaspheming Turk. But he was a Turk, & said; what did Uncle Abel say. Eleanor! And now what have you all been doing? Today. Paha would say, And you lied to him! "And what did you tell the truth?" said Maggie: & so I told him!" said Maggie. Sometimes, sometimes and then "said Eleanor.

If you'd been walking down the Burlington Arcade—? It was a bad system" in many ways" she agreed. Suddenly struck her that Maria had loved, perhaps in this very street. Had he come, at night, to this very house.' when they were at night, to this very house.' It was a horrid system" she said. "I was very fond of my father. she said, And yet—I lied to him."

"It's the meanness of the war" said Maggie. She put her hand into the sack, twisted it round, & dropped the rock into the basket. "Uncle Albert shot off half a dozen fingers, it didn't matter. But this war. Starving ..." She stopped.

"But the German mothers are extremely prolific Maggie" said Jenny. "For every baby we starve to death they bear another."

"And I hate the book" said Elvira,

NYPL

folding knees up like a long legged bird & looking into the
water, in pools by the fire, & said to Celia —
"when I was a girl" said Maggie. "Who's Celia?" said
Maggie
"The man you sat next at dinner Maggie, two thousand
years ago. Or the man you sat next at dinner
Maggie, two thousand years ago"
Seven years ago, Maggie corrected her.
"What's seven years, what's two thousand years? He
thinks you beyond tongue. Time to come is what
matters; time to come is all Cleopatra's needle, a
thing — so he said — (I mean dining with the
Wilkinsons a year last night) to compare to the ladies
painted like bright butterflies & the footmen in
plush trousers, is but a row leaf on the Egyptian.
Paul Wilkinson is what they call a scientist."
"Dining with the Wilkinsons were you? said Maggie.
And the women painted?
"Blobs of red in the middle of their cheeks, &
black round their eyes."
"I like painted faces" said Maggie: "if they do it
well"
"No, no," Eleanor exclaimed; No, Maggie: not
paint.
"Why powder, why not paint?" Maggie said
Maggie
"Because" said Eleanor.
"Stars & garters" said Celia. "The order of
St Michael & St George hung round the neck in
blue ribbon. Rags hugs the sore. And the
shall mend wherever she goes."

& this, he said,

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"I suppose it's largely habit" said Eleanor. "When I was a girl powder was allowed, but not paint. As for cigarettes" she mused, "my father would have turned me out of the house if he'd caught me smoking one. Whereas now Remy gives me a lesson..." She threw away the stump of the cigar which she had finished. "How things have changed," she said, "even in my lifetime!"

"Go" said Elvera: "and you poured out tea, and ~~ate round cake~~; and Crosby brought in the hot cakes; and the kettle wouldn't boil, and Mary said "I'll boil some on the kitchen fire." Mum: "and Eleanor said, "You can't boil a wedding present on the kitchen fire" or the whole sanctity of marriage would be destroyed; and took out her hair pin: whereupon Uncle Athel caught her with ~~left~~ his ~~left~~ hand ~~and~~ ~~struck her~~ and struck Mary knuckles when she ~~had~~ cut off the head of a blasphemous duck and said — what did Uncle Athel say Eleanor?"

"Papa used to say" — Elvera loved the story of the Papists" said Eleanor, "he never grows up — he's, papa would say, what have you all been doing today?

"And if you'd been walking down the Burlington Arcade," said Maggie, ~~or driving in a hansom without shutting the flaps~~

Yes. That was the problem" said Eleanor. "I lived in a very typical Victorian family. "She explained to Nicholas. He had drawn up over the fire two. The log, which had risen some remains of tar on it, burnt brightly.

"Mother very numbers" said Nicholas.

"You lied" said Remy to Maggie "~~Athel would have~~ ~~lied~~

Eleanor

Eleanor

with what he had

NYPL

"I was very fond of my father" said Eleanor. "But I lied"
She thought how she had never dared to tell him
about the her homes; ~~in Ireland how she had lied~~ about
Dublin the builder:
"Well he lied to you" said Maggie
Eleanor ~~suddenly~~ remembered Mona's letter, hidden away
in a corner of her father's drawer. Bobby had found
them when they were clearing out the house. She
~~suddenly thought~~ that Mona had lived somewhere
here, in West meath. ~~Perhaps he~~ that perhaps
this had been the ~~room where~~ that the house;
perhaps her father had visited her in this very room. What
was the address on the letter? She looked round
almost dazed for a moment. There was a hedgerow on
French hill side.
What makes you say that Maggie she asked.
Well, said Maggie - ~~He never~~ of he had a mistress,—
~~would he have told you?~~ ~~He lied~~
"I never knew it" said Eleanor, flushing. "How did
you!"
"By the pucker in my thumbs" Eleanor mumbled.
"By his manner" said Maggie. "He used to come to
tea with mama. He gave me a necklace—
a ~~very ugly necklace~~ - blue with gold shots. And
I ~~hated~~ him. ~~He was~~ she hesitated — I was
very fond of him.
Every Victorian husband had a mistress" said
Nicholas. Was nothing to be ashamed of.
"~~He said~~
That was why we liked Uncle Ethel, said Eleanor
jumping over the bonfire; up he went;
Number 1 all: Coat tails flying: My
dear Ethel, said my father, coming in from
the office, surely you will dine with

NYPL

round the
Corner

your waistcoat? And the dear old boy washed
his hands at the pump, & cut off to his Tray.
Did you ever see her Eleanor?"
I ~~believe~~ did once," said Eleanor. "A very vulgar
blowsy woman came to the house one when he was
dying. to ask for money. Mother saw her."
It was a horrid system" she ~~said~~ added. "~~Why~~
A daughter lying to her father; a father lying to his daughter.
~~Why do they, one would~~? ~~She asked~~ Nicholas.
~~I can never, she added~~ It spoilt the relationships.
I was very loud then" ~~she said~~, he ~~said~~ me.
~~In the end, it was like both~~ I dare. And yet he left
me to find out after his death. from a
~~bonnet~~ bundle of vulgar letters"
"My dear Eleanor, said Nicholas, what was I telling you.'
~~We are not educated~~ Therefore we cannot
tell each other the truth. we are not educated.
We all ~~confess~~ have things that we dare not say.
I myself" he smiled. pretty
~~That~~ Nicholas ought to be in prison" said Elvira; She
put her hand on his knee." In the cell next Rose-
~~criminals~~. She, ~~for ever~~ for breaking the Queen's
window, & he for...."
"I take good care not to break her windows"
said Nicholas.
~~And that~~ the what I hate about you" said for
Elvira. "A hole & corner business. Very
like soul. Otherwise, how much better in many
ways - No feathery change comes over me, ~~only you~~
~~Nicholas. How I am, only a brain~~; so for I am
only - what?" She stood & looked up at him:
A brain & soul, Elvira, he said, taking her hand.
Clasping in his

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"That's all damned rot" said Remy.
"It's a very great temptation, certainly said Nicholas."
but it may be a necessary stage in human Evolution"
I took a step this way:" he spread his hand again.
2 touched the tent pegs. As I have said, the
case & around again the medical, a preamble as
which Eleanor had noticed. "As I have said,
the age nineteenth century was the age of
Declaration: Progress, in order to make trades, railways,
roads, Gun, canon, aeroplanes, underground tubes,
Great shops work tarantulas pneumatic tubes & wireless
Equipment complete, ~~&~~ developed here" he touched
her forehead: "Magdalena Eleanor - Elvira,
in order to bear children, what teach them, train them, work me eating tea
from ~~cut tea~~, & boil the kettle & how put
developed here" he put his hand to the back
of his neck: Therefore I can not marry Elvira.
Elvira can not marry me. (marriage being complicated this —
but I will explain that later)
~~You are the most hysterical~~
~~we have each other to death~~ said Elvira.
Can we ~~we~~ ~~regard that~~ dont shock you Eleanor?" said
Magsie
"Oh No" said Eleanor. ~~I'm sure~~ and we are only saying
what we think. And the Victorian lady, the
added, visited among the poor. I was not
allowed to walk down Bond Street alone," she
said, "but I knew the Leaps. It was an
odd mixture. "I remember..." the rare
the house in Cannon Place again, the
Drawingroom at Aberdeen Terrace. "But
why can't you marry?" she said to Nicholas.

NYPL

"We should kill each other, to death" said Elvera. Think Eleanor when the bell rings a thrice Nicholas comes to tea or to dinner, or to spend the evening talking. I say to myself that very nice. And halfway through the evening I say to myself, I am dying: I'm so bored I don't know what to do with myself. I walk up & down the room. I touch little china ornaments. And I look back into my chair again, & so on & on: with boredom: with the Hale James J — " she sighed:

"Male egotism" Nicholas interposed. "I talk about myself. I cannot help it. Sometime I go to the Elvera I say to myself on the doorstep, Lean to think of other people. Nicholas. Lean to live with your whole being —

And I say to myself. Sometime I hear Nicholas on the Stair; Lean to sympathize. Elvera. Lean to be sentimental. What is the date of the Battle of Waterloo? I say to myself; & what reason is there for anyone ever to remember it.

But when we have been sitting for a very short time together, " said Nicholas, "I am talking about myself; & Elvera is fast asleep, fast asleep & charmed."

Nicholas is a very clever man " said Elvera: "What is it they have developed a certain faculty here" he touched his forehead "out of all proportion"

And Elvera is the most feminine of women. What is a date? What is an accent? Up Elvera sends a breath the reeds stir she her whole body: I read stir my brain whole brain: the thinks with her with the palms of her hands, with the soles of her feet. She has eyes in the nape of the neck.

But you appear to cultivate your brain Elvera."

If I could sleep I would die"

We had decided Eleanor

NYPL

"Wait how we go on" said Nicholas. "I hate clever men. I ~~[illegible]~~ all ~~[illegible]~~ sterile, false declaimers, ~~and~~ the most intolerable, the most dangerous, the most corrupt: the dullest.

"But we are very fond of each other: we cannot live without each other. And yet" — he sighed.

"It's all damned rot" said Nancy.

Eleanor again thought she ought to go. And yet if people wished to talk, if they tried to say what they thought, in spite of all the lies, the equivocations, the foolishness of their language, they ought to be set free to find the secret within them. And then not necessarily a bitter foolish conclusion she added: it does not matter whether Nicholas and Elvira are 'in love' or not; but the state of mind, the true balance, the living thing which makes them themselves. When they try to communicate that to me, that is generous; humane; I must answer it unchilled by timid defensive ~~self~~ protective warding off, hoarding up — she stopped. "I was shocked for one second" she admitted. But only just as a knife cuts to the skin: he should be in person: But that is only the outer skin. It does not touch the thought: The State is only the skin. It does not fit her any longer. Otherwise I should hate them both, she added. She looked at her hand clasped in her hands round her knees: I like Elvira: I like Nicholas: she said. who expect to be in person:

"I can't," said Maggie answering her a the only objection I like husband, "is that of every man was Nicholas, was the human race would end. which it will do, one these days," said Elvira, by

NYPL

nature's own breath. When the sun fails: when the flowers
wither: when the grass withers: when my old mare
Crawl to the ~~spring~~ well for water — then fragile
they ~~are~~ can teach by the well side in the ~~front~~ hand
Cover them: & they sleep" She shut her eyes.
The nodding ~~of~~ and them ". when the Lord Chief Justice
puts on the green, Nicholas, I should say to him;
I am only anticipating the natural decree. my lord duke:
which begins from the swamps to the Bench: & send
send us back to the ~~earth~~ Nature. I should say
if I were defending Nicholas at the Bar. The storm
of Lords, nature, gentlemen, the rank in to silence.
Us a ~~man~~ fashion" said Remy. "It's not nature.
What do you think Margo" said Eleanor.
"I ~~think~~ don't think" said Margot. Get I think she's
a good thing to talk ~~of~~ to help people to know their
~~own minds~~ Get I often think of sometimes
else when Nicholas ~~is~~ talks: I was thinking
how beautiful you looked Eleanor in your
Dressing gown in the wood cellar: & Remy "—
She looked at them. "~~He's~~ not beautiful)
like watching him when people talk. He's so —
~~robust. And~~ She hesitated: "in command"
"And prejudiced" said Eleanor. "And hell bound.
And foreign. And English. And manly. And Childish.
and — like an ~~big~~ Eagle with golden eggs: & a
eater in claw for her young.
Yes, said Nicholas. He is profoundly patriarchal.
patimal. A lover of his kind: "but he will grow,
he will expand. The rings the wood —"
— Eleanor ~~jumped~~ up.
Shake me. She cried. "Why I don't
know: because that man with ~~be a~~ bow.
may ~~be~~ that man with speech: that man with

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run about from home to home with his creed written in
at A B C D on pocket handkerchiefs. "I wish more delicacy
my message" "that man would say: to a select
company of English aristocrats: I hate Jews keep me
from the encumbrance: I'll whip out the knife:
take down his words; follow the master:
the master the teacher:
preacher: the teacher:
as the stoke; reaching up glasses hat, coat from dessert
chair. the gramophone needle mark stuck the razor
to him. I'm your magic. I'm my magic. I'm your man
to ~~plunge into the deep woods~~"

Eleanor jumped. Nicholas helped her on
with her coat.

We will all go together "he said." As far as the
underground station"

"It all damned rot" the mechanic ~~Englishman would tell a lie~~ age I feel this:
he doesn't say, because it's right." Now an Englishman
would tell a lie.

And I don't like her, said Lenny. it's ~~magic~~
because Maggie thinks the water may on my head it
I do. Not from any moral feeling.
has borne her."

"It would be very dull, marriage to a man who ~~lived~~
her" said Maggie "Johnny came to visit" she added.
Shall my brother, at the war office. He loves his
for two hours. So did I. Relenders to last
what we didn't feel."

"He used to take on her rides on an elephant" said
Elvira: But he went to India. He married.
And the effort to bring up a family ~~settles~~
hindered success in her career, handed him in
that it would not be more true to say

NYPL

such him: sometimes he comes up to touch. Struggles honestly
that's a nice lecture he'll read to Maggie: like a tutor or a book.
Good good good" said Maggie ~~mockingly~~ to him:
~~He struggles to keep~~ ~~and stopper~~ "Tastes. ~~Tastes, tastes~~..."
"whereon Remy says "Then all damned rot:" said Eleanor.
"I don't pretend to ~~give~~ have reasons for my feelings," said
Remy. He slashed his knee with a paken knife.
I am sufficiently educated to know that ~~I give~~ a
reason ~~is~~ almost invariably ~~till a~~ lie. ~~That all.~~
~~Eleanor~~ ~~women ought to have vote~~ I say so.
Cuth Remy is ~~reason~~ Remy ought to have a vote" said
Maggie
"I ~~say a town~~, ~~No~~, Rolfe) do not want women to
have vote. I ~~should~~ hate) women to have vote. I
what I say is, I think this is damned rot."

Now Remy ~~to~~ play on a flute: & later say: "Once
Read this, see how they grow...
Yes said Eleanor, Players something before we go."
& we argue; we read how argue: & the men
always give reasons for their feelings: but they
simply read like Remy. I want ~~nobody~~ this
"women to be slaves. ~~That~~ what I want
said Remy.

Yes: but they say "for their own good. to
~~influence~~ us: which takes up so much time" said
Eleanor. "And then we lie to them" she added.
And so it goes on.
When shall we be able to tell the truth
Nicholas? she said sitting up. "said Nicholas.
In about three hundred years

NYPL

But that is a very short time.
Then we shall none of us be alive." said Eleanor. buttoning on her coat.
"Not in the body" said Nicholas.
But I'm afraid I don't believe in a life after death" said Eleanor.
You don't?" said Nicholas. But I do believe in life here, on earth: that goes on.
Yes, but I am not convinced of my life here on earth — "my life": no: "our life" yes. here on earth other.
here or when we have learnt to communicate ... here
have only to educate ourselves: we have only to learn to

Stop Stop Stop, cried Clem jumping up: that'll be your
He had the hat in her hand & over his mouth
genius talked into maybe
death. Nicholas. A dead man preaching. It's a
lecture" she said, handing back the cloak, "
to a select company of higher creatures
hate last page from Oxford - Cambridge: Follow me:
follow me: & they'll whip out their pens, &
they'll mutter his hard: touchy text-me stop
then another, Psychologically the
Cease to laugh at me for me Clem. said
Nicholas. handing her hat.
No, Nicholas. Come to think of it I'm not
a citizen to our tomb" said Clem "where we
meditated in silence for two thousand years,"
That was what
Yes I was going to say. said Maggie. jerking up.

NYPL

We may be slaves, Nicholas, but I think you're worse!
Slaves.
"We don't Love to Kill people. I'd rather on the whole
have children": though that had enough "she added.
"We're all slaves" said Renny. He got up & stood
balancing heavily on the fender. Every one in the room is
a slave. "Except perhaps Eleanor" he added
suddenly.
She felt a flow of pleasure: as she had said that he
liked her.
"Why do you say that?" she asked.
Because, he spoke very slowly. She hoped nobody
would interrupt them. Happily Olivia was busy for
her slaves. "You're not shocked: he said: And that was,
in a man or a woman of—" he looked at Eleanor
of fifty eight" she added. shocked "he
Such people of the Chatsoff generally afraid.
But oh but the Victorian lady" said Eleanor,
visited the poor. It was a very queer education
bringing up. said Eleanor.
But Gentle I visited the poor" she said "But
we learnt a good all girls using class-
were taught to have a district. did that:
And a queer kind of education, she reflected:
we weren't allowed to
"Better than mine on." he said.
Oh no Renny" she replied I'm ashamed of my
ignorance. I often dread talking to a clever man.
I used to feel so shocked with my brothers'
friends. I still do." I used to dread
being left alone in the room with them.
It's a great pity, not being able to talk to men
about things That interest them." Don't you
feel that Maggie?"

NYPL

"No" said Reny. "maybe dorent." ~~maybe theatre~~
~~not fechtin duth.~~
"I want attending"
"I think golden dub" said Maggie. "~~on the the hand~~
And I think tanks deadly. Otherwise, let's
help each room to me interesting." And then I talk
talk about them: a I dont."
"And Elvira, said Reny, talks about anything whether
She knows about it or not."
I go to the British museum" said Elvira "I went to
Up & shapes, Hammond on the Legend of Central
Amer- That's all education is;
~~to~~ when I was a girl said Eleanor I used to feel
~~to~~ ignorant compared ~~to~~ to my brother friends ~~to~~ -
~~to~~ terribly Jones on the New Testament.
Shakespeare Play."
Then in our time, we were taught that we
were ~~inferior~~ - that was the word: inferior to men"
said Eleanor. "Morally superior; mentally
inferior. That was how I was brought up."
Smiled.
"And you visited the poor, & you had to be
back at five to pour out tea; & you never walked
down Bond Street alone" said Maggie:
"I was the first education in the word" said
Nicholas. "Or I should say the finest
preparation for education in the word.
Not to be able to add up one sum. or to
write a letter in French!" ~~the others~~ Eleanor
Laughed
"You could not ~~earn~~ money: you could not
go ~~into~~ Not to earn money; nor to own
have a profession: not to be famous: nor to
to be ~~in~~ forcibly to be despised - not to
Obviously.

NYPL

powers: that is the first education of the mind: " he said.
Rather a depressing one, for some people. My little delicate
darling enjoys it all; & Rose — well, Rose went to
pieces. — Yes & Elvira never knew that brilliant
She said: the brilliance of the woman who feels all her
life wasting within her: who is compelled to
pelter her life away: ~~You cracked the whip~~
You never felt that was a curse, my dear.
Yes & Elvira never felt that did you, Magsie?
No man deserves me, I don't ask him to ~~come to~~
deserve — that's all " said Maggie
ah but Maggie, said Elvira, ~~you don't mind~~: you don't
listen to what you're saying. Johnny ~~Latter at~~
talks about taste. Maggie looks at this wonderful bowl.
how?,
oh I don't complain yet
But he pulled me
That's " Let me go on
Stone.
" Had She enjoyed my life immensely" she said.
Perhaps I didn't ~~want to~~ envy my brother at all, she
said. Poor little boy — sent off to shoot at
Lower Calvert. Had Bobby hated it.
But was you never learn to smoke cigars " said
Nicholas.
Cigars by a confession " said ~~She~~ Maggie.
We do get roped to underline that, said
Nicholas.
But these expenses " said Eleanor.
That's the real problem, said Maggie. " If
Nicholas means by cigars, experience: for one
they experience is ~~costly~~ means money: &
then which experience?

NYPL

~~Ch a combination - a experiment~~

Now that is, he said, that you have learnt to renounce, to control, to ~~be silent~~, to be obscure to be deprived — to have nothing — which

~~Ch Elvira interrupted~~, said Nicholas "Oh Nicholas!

~~I wish~~ Elvira cried

Please Elvira, let me finish one sentence, & then we I will be silent. ~~Now we will all do~~ — he turned to ~~Cleanor~~ Maggie. ~~Now that you have learnt to give up~~, what is the finest education of all; now you must learn to enjoy. Cigars, love, wine, knowledge. That all" he said.

"Yes, said ~~Cleanor~~ Maggie. That's all. But that's the problem."

"To tell a woman that she is going to make cigars, said Remy, when we're all going to be penniless, seems to me ~~nothingness~~ — what Elvira calls hoppyclock, as ~~she~~ calls it."

That's what the magician bodyguard calls it." Elvira corrected him. The King Guard, you know, the guard don't but never surrender. & the old Great always walks with halter feet: his bones wreathed with robes: ~~that~~ life: that's real life" she said added, Remy wound in her toes.

"~~We're going to pray~~ Yes, how are we going to have experience, & that's what Nicholas means, when we haven't any money" said Cleanor.

And what experience?" said Maggie.

"I am not allowed to speak" said Nicholas: to which Cleanor can only reply, in one word: all experience: but mixed." "That is your problem." he said to Cleanor. "Now we will go. Now this very late."

The only good result of the war" said Maggie,

NYPL

looking at her watch, is that they've stopped the church bells.
2d Whatever don't know the time. My watch is always
wrong: Rennys watch is broken:
And a mouse ran up the kitchen clock" said
Eleven, Hickory dickory dock. Play us a
tune Ray before we go. Listen say three Blind
Mice ~~in the hydrian mode~~" to how they ran
in yes do play" said Eleanor. He was very interested
she knew.
"I should wake the children" he said
Dreamy as fairies" said Gloria.
But how much love!" said Maggie. "Without
we do fag, after the war, to educate ourselves; how
much love, ~~would you all advise~~, Eleanor?" You're
my mother, being always married to the same man,
had it any ~~Gloria~~ Not like men.) mean. which is
a pity. (Look at Rose for example.) But
then men have too much. ~~Can't but little girls~~
the ~~dolly: to my reflection~~ rich, not being able to have
feel walk about the street. I shall have to keep a
~~maid, a to wish~~ myself, when she's
~~a Eleanor. I shall~~ have to keep a maid,
when my daughter goes to school." Have to keep
a maid."
"Ya said Eleven I was touched with Bobby in a
chophouse ~~in the city~~: I said to myself
I ate, drank what these jewed fellows call
drink (The bill came to 18/6 counting the tip)
I should be the stronger & the respectworthier.
Chop. Steak, cheese, butter: with fine old
brandy, or a glass of stout every day genuine
Valentine.
Ya said Maggie.

NYPL

Isabella thought the funeral monster days of the year sitting in the drawing room waiting for the maid but she should be — what was the word — assaulted, accosted, insulted — by the ~~rude~~ gentlemen in hats & Thursday trousers. ~~Hats~~ [Meaning for meaning] But what would comedy be without charley, a tragedy with for the matter of that?"

"They are very much better than they used to be" said Eleanor. "when I was a girl ~~...~~ but ~~but~~ ~~it's too late~~ ~~to day unfortunately~~ the protestors. It's ~~a very difficult problem~~. How will you educate your daughter Rex! she asked. "Send her college!"

"To be educated like a man!" said Rex."

The objection to that was, said Eleanor, that there isn't enough land to go round. In the Course they came to an agreement: men fought for pine years: then women for pine years: then they parcelled out their possessions: & started fighting again." Or they might endeavour a new race to conquer. but most race have always been content.

No, said Maggie: we must endeavour ~~to be at~~ Oxford ~~Cambridge~~

~~It's very difficult~~ said Maggie ~~You can't keep~~ ~~educated at home~~, because they'll ~~...~~ such a nuisance all ~~But where are you to send them?~~ I don't ~~be born in Oxford & Cambridge~~ — not for ~~where~~?

we shall have to send them somewhere.

Boys have a very good time at Oxford & Cambridge" said Eleanor. "We can afford it."

And they got ~~about~~ into a taxi, & following "said they said Eleanor: "Make the most of your time."

Cambridge: ~~the road~~"

It seems to be a great problem" said Eleanor.

Friday came (after Sat- (on the 5th was now)

~~I think~~ It's a fine night

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She ~~sat~~ looked out by the window.
"It's a horrible bore myself" she said. "I shall walk."
They
Then can walkg along a street; & by ~~[illegible]~~) went on to
town. & there was an old man in a Gown; & he said
Fulby came before Scott; & he had been raging that
for Murder Jane."

30th Jan.

NYPL

18th Feb.

No, no no, exclaimed Elvira. I don't want to listen
a chophouse, & sat rumpling black, & then wash
my hands like Bobby, in a desolate front hall
Chock full of bald headed men, weary than
fasters; & then for ah women to cry here comes a
woman, & hide them bitter tears; & then
Cudbury on Rockwaller Sea & Jean out.
Fielding came upon Scott & ah that riot. Ah
a beastly education, a man, makes ah that
money, & setting diamonded prostitutes to
ware their pocket handkerchiefs from parchen-
when one forces on[e] hop fiends.
British Museum & chantry.

She went to the piano.
"No no, no" said Maggie rattling her. "You'll
wake the children."
One of these days I shall suffocate you children,
where they sleep "Elvira exclaimed. "dreaming of
Jews."
"But this question of education" said Eleanor. "
It's going to be very interesting, after the war ..."
"Oh damn Eleanor, after the war, said Lena,
we shall merely have to make money; there'll be
no education"
"It can't be worse than it was before the war"
said Maggie. She always contradicted her
husband, after ah, it was the educated people
who made the war."
"That's what I feel" said Eleanor. "We have not

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learn to to Educate ourselves, differently – as Nicholas says."
She looked at him. He shrugged his shoulders.
"I speak no more" he said. "Eleanor will mount the
helpet now."

Yes, said Eleanor, putting her arm round his
shoulder; we will turn down Oxford. Come back
after the war & then we will have real education:
beautiful impermanent & combustible wood, by
many steam, in meadow, where nobody shall
study under penalty of death: but how & again
somebody shall run under a flowery pa & the
led us how ~~not to make money~~ but to love &
the beauty truth, & Gods & dogs, flowers, & all the
rather the noble mind; including even those detestable
creation, those paltry, those ignoble, those most
despicable who are created by, Nicholas & Eleanor.
But there will never be no degrees, no prizes & no
pops jaws.
Stud " turn down Oxford
"I can see my brother Edward agreeing to that" said
Eleanor.
But we will put Edward under a huge bell
shaped dome of ~~ice~~ smoked glass where ~~he will~~
breathing the stale fumes & exhausted fluid & die &
it" said Eleanor. "Edward is dead
already" she added. "~~No, John. What's the~~
without knowing it. "They wanted life" he said to me, "
taking down her translation of Nobrocks ~~into~~ —"
Chatter, Chatter, Chatter" said Maggie.
Poor old Edward, said Maggie.
"It wasn't their fault." she added.
No, said Eleanor. That's what I felt. They

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dapled & dappled" she said bulking up her coat. "It all seemed so safe. It seemed so nice, on the surface..." And then suddenly "she saw again the terrace, & the downs like blue mounds across the meadows, & heard Alix the maid saying that the postman said the soldiers were guarding the railway with fixed bayonets. She turned to go.

"Who had this house before you did?" she asked Rosy, as they went downstairs.

It was a common lodging house" he said: A house that what we got it cheap. It was not home of what they call 'respectable'."

"I was wondering if it was the home my father used to come to" she said. It was then that; it may have been the very house where Mira lived.

She paused, looking round her. Now there were pictures; there were was a hoop in the hall. They went out into the street. The door shut behind them. They walked in the direction of Victoria Street. The still felt as if she were talking. She felt that the bodies of Rosy. Maggie; were were still with them: she felt a physically the presence of oddly shaped objects, people's minds, practical, half hidden, but bulky, & the presence shield her: she wanted to know more, more about them; she felt that she had encountered something real, solid hard, behind hidden. She wanted to go on talking. But now they had reached the

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broad, open street. ~~They~~ The traffic was passing much as usual; there might never have been a raid ~~Her stopped, when~~ when the car they reached the corner she stopped. It was here that she would let her & ourselves.

"And you?" she said to Nicholas. She expected that he, Eleanor would walk on together, leaving her.

"I shall wait for my bus here" she added.

"Then good night Eleanor, good night Nicholas" said Eleanor. She waved her hand, a ~~weaked~~ wilted, dismissing them.

Eleanor looked at Nicholas.

"He ~~does not want~~ likes to be alone" he said, understanding ~~Eleanor's~~ that Eleanor exhorted them to leave her. He spoke ~~as a matter~~ of course.

Eleanor felt a great feeling of pity - for him? for Eleanor! It was for herself too. She felt, a the great ourselves descend down. came halt. She waved to Nicholas, who stood with his hat in his hand, a queer looking man, but there was something impressive about him. It was no ~~time~~ word to wilent.

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She fe pursued her father thinking in, ~~and~~ rather painfully,
& the woman with the tow-veiled fair hair
hanging over the transcriber.

Good night Remy she said shaking hands the hand.

~~Rejected~~ Come & see me, she said: ~~working infant~~
on her knee, screened by a basket in front of them
the potman, a warm, rather shrewdly, & Nicholas,
who stood on the pavement ~~with~~ with his hat raised.
There was something impressive about her. He
looked tall & silent: but he felt that she knew him.

NYPL

Feb. 27th

hobbled across the green
Crosby came out after to do her morning shopping.
It was a chill November morning & the wide open
space was full of mist. The rooks were
gathered on the tops of the trees; their uproar died
away but now & again a few little croak. She had
She had aged greatly in the past four years.
She now looked a very old woman: it
seemed doubtful if anyone so small, so
bowed could make the passage across the
wide space between the High Street. Her two little horse
small unwieldy movements, which gave an
air of melancholy dejection against
age, life, the whole burden of it. A sudden
a succession of little crosses & stitches &
obstacles The Belgian Count had. His money
had been the usual unpleasantness with the
Belgian Count who lodged with the Bush.
He was a dusty man; he sat in the bath.
He liked his dinner at 1 o'clock. Mrs.
Grant visited her room. She knew.
They wanted the rent. She hinted that
they would raise the rent. Her weekly
person went. There had been unpleasantness
with Mr Grant about the rent & she knew.
Crosby felt that they wanted to be rid of her.
She was only an old servant whom nobody
wanted. Nobody And the weekly person was
past. And the weekly person was
growing less & less.

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saw any of the family now. She could no longer get about as she used. ~~Since~~ But Bishop was dead. The home was no longer ~~a~~ what it used to be. ~~Maudy & cook work~~ The insolence of the daily women was very great. Often they would not get anyone to help. And though in the old days Crosby had been glad to oblige Mrs Bunt, she was now too old to do more than keep her own room tidy. The ~~world had~~ the views saw already who remembered the old days. The ~~world had treated her badly;~~ & yet And now her whole strength was needed to ~~stave~~ far as the shops, to ~~buy not her money to~~ the ~~bad~~ make her money last out the week. And Richmond was full of loud voiced hawkers. She had to wait ~~in~~ & wait before she could get served. The ~~old days~~ of ~~useless butchers~~ There was no politeness among the shops now. Here the mistake is — In all — She ~~has~~ learned ~~little~~ ~~not~~ broken words as she hobbled along: & yet though ~~the~~ all was broken, feeble, incomplete — she ~~touched~~ remembered — her pale blue eyes ~~that~~ ~~reproved~~ an persistent & obstinate determination. The world was not going to ~~annot~~ annihilate what was alive in Crosby. She was ~~not~~ bound on surviving.

~~As she reached the line of elm trees~~. The soft mist was turning to rain. Leaves lay damp on the asphalt paths. The ~~A~~ ~~median~~ screen ~~hooted~~ ~~hooting~~ ~~hooted~~ on the wire: it a ~~Next~~ ~~out~~ a loud long drawn wail, as Crosby reached the iron railings. Again a Screen wailed. Then there was a sullen

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Everything stopped for a moment.

Overhead there came again Crosby thought looking up with a momentary alarm. Scared by the sound, the rook had risen & wheeled round the tree. Again the screen wailed, & the gun boomed. A man, ~~on a ladder~~ who was painting their window frames came & the woman who was walking on the pavement carrying a long loaf of bread that stuck half out of a paper wrapper stopped too. ~~A~~ Somebody flung up a window. Again the gun boomed;

Its echo ran Crosby heard the woman say to the house painter. He nodded & turned dipped his brush in the white paint again. The woman hobbled on. The soft plume of smoke flotted down, gently, silently from the home roof. Again the screen wailed. ~~Now, over the guns were~~ The war was over. The guns were ~~answering~~ answered. The meaning had been signed. That was the meaning of the boom. Crosby was like the housepainter. The woman with the loaf watched in her paper. ~~The~~

NYPL

"It really seems certain" said Maggie. They seemed
Eleanor thought, to have a curious relationship:
~~what he~~ as if they thought in common, & felt
differently, so that they hammered things out,
first one side, then the other.
Ah ah, ~~what Nicholas was saying~~ Maggie added,
there was a lot of sense in what Nicholas was
saying —
He bowed profoundly to her. "This is very unexpected"
he said.
"~~It more natural to love people than to hate them the~~
Lovey, more natural than hatey — went that?" she
(Ah) means hand, with the needle in the cloth. "It a
~~pleasanter~~ nicer, its — the hand "with, its the
way one made." —
Elvira, folding her legs like a long legged
bird, thoughtfully in among them, retired on the
heavenly Don't talk such nonsense" she said:
Say
I want saying how right, or wrong. Maggie
preferred. It more natural:
"Pan then to the world of the dead" said Elvira.
I forget how Nigs translated it: but you like them."
Pan then to the world of the dead, o; whom omit
love, love them. upon de Gloriosa over
adieu journey — "that's old Creon to the life:
"I don't know what you're talking about" said Maggie.
Greek. Nothing. I don't know Greek. who's Creon."

NYPL

Dirty brute, the mutter. Then I says to her...
I says to her, dirty brute I says; no gentlemen I ever
I've ever known - dirty brute "repeated" I says to her.
There had been some unpleasantness that night about
the Countess of Bath. Mrs Bunt had let her stay
front row to a Belgian count & her wife. He
that night. Crosby was selected to lend a hand.
hand in as there was no servant at present.
Then they selected her to do the dirty work.
Go But they put upon her. But they wanted to
Set her out of her room, she knew. Nobody
wanted an old woman anymore. But there was
no room to put another bed. She had
the wd. wolfishly have gone: the horse was not a
pleasant place anymore. When Mrs Bishop was dead.
The Duty nurses who came in to help were
very modest
She did not mind obeying Mrs Bunt, she pondered.
what ha like ha to be. one had to lend each
other a hand in times like this. But the waist
up to the work now.. to look at the
stock out of her own shoppers.
There was no politeness among the shop hands
either. Take it or leave it..

NYPL

3rd March 1934

Part Six

The traffic almost blocked Richmond Hyde Street. It was spring; the ~~bright~~ brilliant bright sun there struck upon the gleaming bonnets of motor cars wedged together in the narrow road. The different colours shone out in the clear air. They ~~started~~ started on a pace or two & then stopped. ~~It was~~ It was dazed with the ham, the uproar, the air of stir & power which came from all these cars massed together, from all the foot passengers jostling on the pavement, Crosby stood still, staring staring with his pale ~~grey~~ blue eyes, vaguely & as the right ~~hand~~ hypnotised him. Suddenly a figure & ~~a wonder~~ some human apparition. Wonder, surprise, & Came into the an expression that had been almost meaningless.

Mrs Edward! she said to herself. But who was the lady whom he knew in the grand car! How one of the family, she knew. At first she could not put a name to her. She was ~~about~~ a tall ~~young~~ handsome stout ~~lady~~ lady. He Edward was talking ~~to~~ to her: she would have known ~~that~~ that tone anywhere. — with his blue eyes, his beautiful ~~straight~~ straight nose: & the he had always been the best looking & the ~~best~~ best gentlemen. "That Lady Lanvale" She said with sudden certainty, as, turning her face towards Crosby, & smiled ~~said~~ said quickly to Mr Edward. Crosby gazed after them with dumb rabbit: It was an event — the greatest in fortune — the wonderful thing ~~that~~ that had ever ~~happened~~ happened to him. Mrs Edward & Mrs Edward & her ~~husband~~ husband had been in a motor car with Lady Lanvale.

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~~The Inhumanity~~ She would feel when that moment for days & days.

"It must have been higher up—" Kitty finished her sentence. "A little old house with a balcony."

She looked to the right as the car moved on, trying to remember where her husband's old street had lived.

The car hurtled out & noisily distanced the others. They passed up the hill.

"We used to come down sometimes, & have tea on the Lawn."

~~Edward nodded~~, Since Kitty's husband was dead, the mention of what they had done together, ~~was~~ had a touch of melancholy about it. But ~~she~~ they she spoke calmly. There was nothing to be ashamed, drawn, widowed about her. ~~On the contrary~~ It had not been a great blow Edward felt: ~~the~~ he had ~~been~~ known her husband well. But ~~it~~ Come. It meant a complete break up & left her free. She was leaving London; the big house in London belonged to her son. ~~But~~ She looked extraordinarily handsome in her black: ~~the~~ the ~~typewriter~~ the ~~the~~ a young & vigorous. Complexion ~~as~~ fair: the

Ah the sea! There! ~~coming to a~~ They were driving ~~near~~ the famous view. They both leant & looked over the blue distance. over the flat fields & the river, broad ~~as~~ as ~~a~~ ~~lake~~ ~~before~~ ~~bridge~~, as ~~large~~ ~~as~~ ~~a~~ ~~lake~~ ~~before~~ ~~bridge~~, as large as ~~a~~ lakes were vast.

"What is the famous view?" said Edward. "I was ~~just~~ described in one of the great English novels." But which!

~~What~~ It's the kind of view I like" she said.

~~But that.~~

~~But no~~

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"Women in one of Jane Austen's novels" said Edward. "But which? Jane Austen never wrote a novel" said Lucy. "No no no Lucy" said Edward. "Oh well, I'm not a great reader" said Lucy to Caspian. Caspian laughed. "Here" she said, leaping over the ropes on the knee. "Now it's time we left the yacht. The Lantern will tell him to moor us in the shade." The car stopped: the four got out & Jane her rider & the Chamberlain. He went to meet them at Harn Jalin. They were going to walk across the Park. The house at her right & knew about the ca. Ah it's the first summer day "she said. Come along Edward. We shall want coats." Indeed it was the first day of summer. The trees were sprinkled with little green buds, still too small to do more than tint the trees in the distance with a green haze; here & there a solitary tree, was still massively black. And yet the air was so soft that it seemed that plants, leaves must be growing every second; the noise of the traffic had died down. A murmur alone remained, & the hum & the soft air seemed to wrap the whole view in a soft mist; but it was early in May: there was a fresh sharpness in it. Like a column of iron.

Edward caught up with Lucy; the dog walking briskly. They had reached Kew; the walked briskly, breathing with pleasure in the great open space. "It's like being in the country" she said "!" called; her Look at dog was bounding off, barking against them.

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"Do you always take him?" said Edward. They had found the great dog in the car, which had fetched Kelly from the lunch party where they had met.

We take him shooting sometimes" she said. The dog indeed seemed rather out of control. There were deer. Edward noticed, feeding quietly on the slope. "Stay. Don't let him chase the deer" he said Edward. Ken, Caesar" Kelly cried. The dog stopped back: but Edward, Caesar" Kelly cried. The dog stopped back: but Edward remarked that he would escape again.

"And so do you like shooting up the home" he said, "Yes in a week or two" she said Oh the home, she replied what a man of rubbish one accumulates in ones

Thirty years:

Going to the theatre and Edwards

Tearing up" said Kelly Then I think that

fresh"

The was moving into a small house, up in Gerrards Cross, leaving that lovely place" said Edward. It had. You can't think how things accumulate in thirty years"

Thirty years, Edward pondered. He had been married all that time.

He took raised his hat, & let the air play about bare head. as long as

"It doesn't seem like that" he said

They both thought the

"No. But it does?" she said.

They walked on in silence. They were passing between enclosures. They could hear Caesar

Crackers the dog sniffing as he beat about,

from his master

NYPL

minds. A rider sketched green a golf in front them. A
Them three A couple long sketched under a tree.
They almost trod on them. a little company of
he rider was not There was the sound of horses
hooves cantering behind them.
"Do you ever ride now?" said Kitty as the
rider passed.
I get a little riding with Hugh, sometimes" said
Edward. I had about a little with Hugh, sometimes"
said Edward." Do you remember ye Knave
Hunting? a thing the tough:
"I remember, she said. Tony; & Domenech; "
Then there was who was the other man, —
Yes, we all we see each other from time to
time" said Edward they from time to time.
then. You never cared about football, did you Kelly?"
"You chase the Kings deer you'll get into
trouble" said Kelly. He was talking to his dog
Edward wished he had not brought him — he was a
great rough coated brute.
"No, she added. I don't think I did." The
paused, and she was thinking back. "And there was a
man called Hughes:
"Oh the mathematician? Yes." said Edward.
He was a very remarkable man." the
And there was Lucy Haddock —
paused. the dead [illegible] and I [illegible] Marlow is dead" she
added.
"Yes, said Edward. "He acted some very long
in his will — a note of sickened interest.
There'll be a new Marlow"
"Who'll be the new Adam!" she said,

They made a little circuit to avoid them.

for your step with —

NYPL

walk beside me, like a good dog" she said, addressing Caesar.

Well that's the question" said Edward. He noted the self-consciousness in her voice.

'Gon'. Edward!" she asked

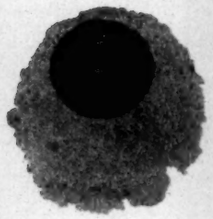
Well, Kitty..." he replied. He looked at her. He was carrying his hat. He looked remarkably handsome, grey, authoritative, distinguished. And there was something that drew her to him — the way he raised his hand over his forehead, as if to straighten a lock of hair.

How well I remember, she kept thinking. The raw hurt. Standing with his hat in the light, the day he had asked her to marry him in the drawing room, on a January day. There was the wound ever moving machine somewhere.

Yes, I come, she said, I will be the new Martin." The new how sounded very much the self. She closed her eyes. He "and you'll live in that old house" she added. She stopped. A fantastic idea came to her — that he meant to ask her to marry him again. She ~~wished~~ wished

well, if I were to be elected —

More riders came, four abreast up the ride. They had to come closer to let them pass. The riders were then up & down; the man in the middle was a riding master, teaching them. He always makes me want to ride, very often" said Kitty. Looking at their heels. The dog raised eyes then, looking down beneath They walked on, in silence again.



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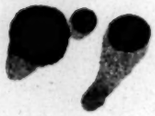

~~the sun~~ was barred with thin tiles like a sheet of water
Lay, silver grey, with scales of gold on it, where the
breeze rippled it. Children were playing by the edge.
A flight of birds ~~had~~ was flying over it — two —
then with the water went skimming along.
What I disliked ~~more than~~ as a jail was the ~~long~~ lonely
quiet up" she said. "My own world to me,
my father, mother: I get, I want like I married. —
got away, that I left — the regret."
You've had a lot of trouble, said Edward Kenby.
Well, the last years were very happy" said Kelly.
~~How shall~~ Thanks! said Edward. The hand. He
looked at the silver water, with the tiles flowing
by it.
How strangely still, said Kelly, after all these years 7
was — I felt everything has begun again."
He was silent. She remembered that a great friend
of hers, a young man called Royde, had been killed.
It'll never be the same again" he said
The only thing one can do, he added is to
we've got to try, I need now, to that the heart been
wanted"
"~~bold duck~~ ?" Kelly ~~said asked~~.
They looked, looking at the ~~water~~, the reeds
with the grey shields of water.
"You never liked Oxford, did you Kelly ?" said
Edward.
"No, not as a jail, I didn't" she answered.
Suddenly ~~was that~~ a cuckoo ? she ~~asked~~. ~~Far away~~
~~the then was~~ The little wooden clapper of the
~~sounded~~ far away. "~~Lucky~~". They
stood silent, listening. "~~How the hours are~~

The sun was the head heard

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Kept a thrush was singing lovely quite close at hand.
"It was a great help" he said.
Not like Oxford? It was different in those days" she added. "One was so ... cooped up, then" I used to feel, You especially. But for you of course ... You'll enjoy being Mark, won't you?" she said.
"You'll It's a beautiful home."
Good At present rather" he said.
The dog was barking. Snuffing among the bracken he had come upon a pair of lovers. Lying with a picnic basket beside them.
Heel Lie Caesar!" Kitty cried.
Yes, she said, a little quickly. (I shall but you'll take the lead if you won't like that ...) I suppose so.
Looking at all those young men. "But there you like young men" she added. You were so used with my Dominick." Dominick used to tell me ...
They walked on, passing the lovers. Kitty
They had kissed there, - after tea, I trembled
Paper were scattered among the ferns.
Look we've had a difficult time ahead you" said
Edward. But you weren't fair to begin. Kitty"
he said You only saw the outside. To see it
I over exaggerate but there to begin. She felt
It was of the most beautiful of all
that he was hurt.
"But I never lived there you I married" she said.
It may be very different now."
"No At never change" he said.
Charm yet."
"I remember what lonely rooms you had" she
said. "You used to give fine a tea party

I was often — I've no reason to think —

You used was

I didn't mind at the way he looked at —

NYPL

ana, d'ya remember?"

Yes yes yes I remember" he said rather feebly.

He stopped. He had a feeling, somehow.

unpleasant to him. Yet he would not mind it

that the head uttered him!

And ya acted in the pageant" he said.

How the memin tickled me!" she exclaimed.

She could not believe that he still had any painful

feelings with about her: that must all be over: & yet

She felt keenly touched, rather surprised. after all

these years, when they had only met now & again:

for the most part in public.

Such a fine manly ya must promise to come

& hear me" he said. "That's the way

I dont hear my cues" she said. "I

Could he

crossed her mind — could he mean to ask her to

marry him?

No. That's the way I think that says each song

twice over" he said

"Does he?" she asked.

Yes the poet says" he replied, dryly. "I didn't

That was it, she said walking on.

the Cowleys

Care for the things that interested people care about.

I was a child in a china shop. And yet, she

went on, as they came down to the main road,

I'm sure most of my life with such

different people: who cared for actual things:

pottering: we had to know so many

different kinds of people. As Grandpa wanted me

to Charles's wife" she said.

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"I'm ~~afraid~~ it very hard for her" he said. "Jenny
this more; Jenny must make up." He had never
mentioned her husband's death to her yet: he had
scarcely known him.
~~As there is to do~~ "the ~~said bravely~~. He is
all been such a bad time" he said. He
remembered that a great friend of hers, a man
called Reade, had been killed in the war.
There was something staunch, trusty about her cousin.
She felt his sympathy.
"~~the~~ Goodness — he exclaimed. A great many
people had been killed as well: a great many
of the young men he was so proud of.
And now ~~everything~~ seems ~~as if never~~ to ~~be~~ over: he said,
as they approached the lake. over: he Jenny again"
The dog, excited by the ducks splashing, had
ducks had plunged into the water.
Damn that man" he exclaimed. ~~He~~
A man had been a duck - the day was
journey after it.
"Now he'll make us wet then" she said.
he ought to have kept away from the water".
Edward watched him, wandering the water
Edge, Commanding Caesar to return. at last
he came back, shook his coat,

He stays now the wet to bath Dogs in the water

NYPL

"But we've come through" he added.

She was ashamed, yet she could not help thinking "Oxford again" that "we've come through" was a rebuke to Oxford again.

"And what was Dominick?" he asked.

"And what is Dominick doing?" he asked.

It was ungrateful of her, but again the memory of the manner about his whole career made her feel how small, how professional he was; how he always fell into these magisterial comments, as if he were a schoolmaster. As if the whole world were a form to Edward the whole world became a place where old Ruthven did well.

She talked about her mother.

No, she hated the educational standard. It was so false, so narrow. There was a complacency about it. She felt that he smiled. There he had been, all those years, training young men, at Oxford. What a life! What a narrow, how complacent, how small! But the old feeling of being cowed up returned to her. He had been all those years, been an Oxford, training young men! Poor old Edward!

She could not help

She told him what her sons were doing. He gathered his interest in the plans

"I don't know how he's going to be able to keep it up" she said. It was a difficult to keep a large place: the death duties were very heavy. What was it "the thing not to have" as they talked: and she were saying to him that she had done right not to marry him: he too taken it so unbearable." She understood that he

NYPL

husband's feeling for her house; but why should Edward, who was a / like Henly a —, not an aristocrat feel such ~~such~~ such a thrill so solemnly? Bobby when he never did. Bobby always laughed at them. But here was Edward talking as if he were a landed gentleman Henly. He then roved about the house — the thoughts the wood running up to the old Elizabethan shaped monument meant nothing whatever to him. The little flowers would be coming out there now; & the wood never see them again. other people would walk there. He sighed. thankfully.

"~~It will be~~ They'll be forced to pull it down some of these days" he said thankfully.

"That would be a thousand pities" said Edward. Henly "~~Those~~ ~~have been there a good long~~?" ~~He got~~ a man in Domenichi ~~Lectures~~ has got what we want "in placing authors"

"Can we ~~not~~" he said to Henly. Again, the feeling of being cooped up in a small but entirely self satisfied world came over him. What did Edward know of other peoples' lives? The Vole a Slave at home. He was impressive he admitted: clear cut, forcible, holding Henly with, advancing though the bracken as though the wood belonged to him. The thought of Judea, Antrecaha — place, he had seen when he was a young woman, travelling with her husband; of men & women he had known in London; & the country people up in the North. And Edward sat at Oxford, laying down the law about the wood. Pownford He never asked Henly what she felt — about what she was going to do. Would be a very good thing for Domenichi. she said thought she had to have a step: ~~some~~ work ~~to do~~.

The Slave
The Inferno
Paradiso
Faa.

March
7th
29 34